EX BIBLIOTHECA
Collegii St. F. Xaverii.

Sect 051
Lib H 81
Vol 9-10 Cop 1

Acces 22805

SECT. B SHELF

WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. X, No. 3.

PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MARYLAND MISSION.

V.—THE ANNUAL LETTERS—1634–1773.

Some ten years after the settlement of Maryland, the Colonial Records were carried off and destroyed, during the tumults excited by Claiborne and Ingle. It was believed that much light would be thrown upon the early history of the Province in regard to matters civil as well as religious, by the letters and reports of the first Jesuit Missionaries, which were still preserved, as was suspected, in England or at Rome. Accordingly, Father William McSherry[1] made diligent search amongst the Archives of the Gesù for in-

[1] "He was born July 19th, 1799, near Charleston, in what is now the State of West Virginia. In his 15th year, he became a student in Georgetown College. In his 16th year, he was received as a novice of the Society of Jesus. He was sent to Rome in 1821, to complete his studies, where he was ordained, and then returned to the United States in 1828. In 1829, he became Professor of humanities in Georgetown College. In 1832, he returned to Rome, during which visit, he discovered the previously unknown, '*Relatio Itineris*,' and the other interesting documents here printed. In 1833, he became the first provincial of Maryland, and in 1837, President of the College, of which he had been a student in his youth. He died in the year 1839, and his remains repose in the cemetery of the College, at Georgetown."—*College Journal of January*, 1874.

formation bearing upon the early Mission of Maryland, and we are indebted to him for the first authentic copies of Father White's *Relatio Itineris in Marylandiam*, together with the *Declaratio Coloniæ Domini Baronis de Baltimore*. He also brought back to the United States a paper transcribed from the original MSS. entitled *Excerpta ex Litteris Annuis*, and a *Catalogus Missionariorum*, which he had compiled during his stay at Rome.

The Latin text of Father White's *Relatio*, and also of the *Declaratio*, was printed in the first volume of the WOODSTOCK LETTERS (1872) together with an English translation, which was a revision of the translation made for the Maryland Historical Society, in 1847, by Nathan C. Brooks, author of *Viri Illustres Americæ;* a few copies of this translation had been printed, and it was subsequently published amongst the "Collection of Historical Tracts" (Vol. IV. p. 12) by Peter Force of Washington. A partial translation of the same papers had been made previous to this time by B. U. Campbell, Esq., and it appeared in the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac* for 1840.

A new translation, accompanied with the Latin text, was printed in 1874, by the Maryland Historical Society (Fund Publication—No. 7). It was carefully edited by Rev. E. A. Dalrymple, S. T. D., who illustrated the text with several valuable notes. This latter publication also included some excerpts from the Annual Letters—1635–1677.

In the *Records of the English Province, S. J.*, Vol. III. pp. 320-400, there is a long account of the Mission of Maryland, which formed part of the English Province from the original Settlement of the Colony until the Suppression of the Society (1633-1773). The *Records* give in full the papers above mentioned which had already appeared in print, and furnish in addition to them, from MSS. preserved at Stonyhurst, many interesting details and facts, as also a continuation of the extracts from the Annual Letters down to the suppression of the Society in 1773.

As the records are not easily accessible to all, it has been judged advisable to include these extracts amongst this

series of historical papers. Occasion will be taken at the same time to insert information derived from various sources which may help to illustrate the text; this will in a rough sort of way bring together the *disjecta membra* of our history. For the most part, the writers of the Letters from which the extracts are taken remain unknown: it is most probable, however, that the reports were written by the Superior of the Mission for the time being. The original accounts were written in Latin, and sent directly to Fr. General,[1] or to the Provincial of England, who forwarded them to Rome, as they were received from the Missionaries, or compiled from their reports the points for his Annual Letter which have reference to Maryland. The text of the *Records* will be followed; but some additions will be made to it from old documents preserved in the archives of the Province, and from copies of papers furnished to the Provincial of Maryland by Br. Henry Foley, editor of the *Records*.

It may not be without interest to notice the action taken by the Maryland Legislature in regard to Father McSherry's discoveries. When it became known that he had made copious extracts from the letters of the early Missionaries, a laudable curiosity was excited to become acquainted with the result of his researches, and the proposal was made by John Bozman Kerr, an active member of the House of Delegates, that measures should be adopted to procure all the information on the early history of Maryland that might be found in the archives of the Society. The following official document declares the action that was taken in the matter:

STATE LIBRARY, MARYLAND,
ANNAPOLIS, March 24th, 1837.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

Herewith I transmit you an Office Copy of a Preamble and Resolutions, passed by the Legislature at its recent Session.

Happy in being selected as the organ of our liberal and enlightened Legislature on this interesting occasion, I has-

[1] Father White's "*Relatio*" was directed to Father Mutius Vitelleschi.

ten to carry into effect, on my part, their very laudable and praiseworthy intention.

May I indulge the hope, My Dear Sir, that you will give me your valuable aid, in procuring the documents indicated in the Resolutions, and which are deemed so necessary and important to the elucidation of the Early History of Maryland.

I shall be happy to hear from you, and am,

Reverend and Dear Sir,

With great respect,

To the Your Ob^{t} Serv^{t},

Revd. William McSherry, D. Ridgely, *Librarian.*

Charles County, Md.

Maryland Sct.

At a session of the General Assembly of Maryland, begun and held at the City of Annapolis, on the last Monday of December, being the twenty-sixth day of the said month, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six, and ended on the twenty-second day of March, in the year one thousand, eight hundred and thirty-seven.

His Excellency,

Thomas W. Veasey, Esquire,

Governor.

No. 56. *By the House of Delegates.*

March 20th, 1837.

Whereas, it has been ascertained by means of certain extracts which have been taken from documents relating to the first settlement and early history of the Province of Maryland, which now remain among the archives of the Jesuits at Rome, that an interesting and authentic narrative or history of Maryland, composed in Latin by Father Andrew White, the first Missioner in Maryland, and fellow-voyager with Leonard Calvert, in MS., is easily accessible, and that a copy of the same may be procured at a comparatively small expense, and it has heretofore been deemed highly important, as it is interesting to the patriotic citizens of the State, to obtain correct information of their origin and the progress of their ancestors to the enjoyment of a firm and stable government, and it is proper, therefore, that all authentic materials for History should be placed within their reach:

Be it, therefore, resolved, by the General Assembly of

Maryland, that the State Librarian be, and he is hereby authorized and required, to solicit the Rev. William McSherry, of Charles County, the now Provincial of the Jesuits, to use his endeavors to procure for the State of Maryland an accurate transcript of the said narrative or history, and of any other document relating to the early history of Maryland that may chance to be lodged in the said archives, or in other Jesuits' house in Europe, and to contract for securing such transcript at an expense not exceeding five hundred dollars, and that the Treasurer of the Western Shore be and is hereby authorized and required to advance from time to time upon the order of the said Librarian, such portions of the said sum of money as may be required for carrying this resolution into effect.

And be it further resolved that the said transcript or transcripts when obtained be deposited and preserved in the State Library.

By Order,
GEO. G. BREWER, *Clk.*

By the Senate,
March 21st, 1837,
Was this day read and assented to.
By Order,
JOS. H. NICHOLSON, *Clk.*

Maryland Sct.

{ SEAL } I, Richard W. Gill, Clerk of the Court of Appeals for the Western Shore of the State of Maryland, do hereby certify that the preceding is a full and true copy of the resolution of the General Assembly of the said State, of which it purports to be a copy as taken from the original resolution deposited in and belonging to the Office of The Court of Appeals aforesaid. In testimony whereof, I herewith subscribe my name as Clerk, and affix the Seal of the said Court of Appeals, the twenty-fourth day of March, A. D. 1837.

RICHARD W. GILL, *Clk.*

Father McSherry, under date of April 8th, promises his coöperation, and says: "I shall make it my duty to write immediately to one of our members, who has lately gone to Rome, and who can have full access to the archives, and have copied whatever manuscripts may be found of im-

portance to the elucidation of the early history of Maryland. I will also write to Stonyhurst College, in England, where, very probably, valuable documents may be obtained. Previous to the next session of the Legislature, I will forward to you the documents, or report to you what progress shall have been made in the research for them."

Whether anything further was done in the premises does not appear; but it is probable that nothing was obtained from Rome, and that those who sought for information had to rest contented with the transcripts made by Father McSherry himself.

It was only in 1874 that the 'valuable documents,' from Stonyhurst, were received upon application of Rev. Father J. E. Keller. They consist of correspondence and historical notes, collected and arranged in order by the editor of the *Records*, "for the intended history of the Maryland Catholic Mission, S. J., the Mother of the present vast Catholic Church of the United States." Free use has been made of these documents in former papers of the present series, and it is mainly due to them that this reproduction of the ANNUAL LETTERS will possess any special interest or value.

1634.

Father White's Narrative of the Voyage to Maryland and Founding of St. Mary's was written from that city, within about a month after the arrival of the first vessels, that is to say, towards the end of April, 1634. The last paragraph of the letter says: "We have been here only one month, and so the remaining particulars must be kept for the next voyage." An ancient pamphlet (Stonyhurst MSS. *Anglia*, vol. 4) furnishes some of these remaining particulars, which may appropriately be introduced here, as a suplement to the *Relatio.*

The Governor, Leonard Calvert, after the first landing had been effected on St. Clement's Island, had sailed up the Potomac with a few followers, amongst whom was Fr. John Altham. His object was to obtain an interview with

the powerful chief of the Piscataways, and to select a proper site for the future capital of the Colony. Our manuscript, copied from the Stonyhurst original, takes up the narrative at this point.

Whilst the Governor was abroad, the neighboring Indians, where the ships lay, began to cast off fear, and come to their Court of Guard, which they kept night and day upon Saint Clement's Isle, partly to defend their barge, which was brought in pieces out of England, and there made up, and partly to defend their men, which were employed in felling of trees, and cleaving pales for a palisado, and at last they ventured to come aboard the ships.

He, finding it not fit, for many reasons, to seat himself as yet so high on the River, resolved to return back again, and to take a more exact view of the lower parts; and so, leaving the ship and pinnaces there, he took his barge (as most fit to search the creeks and small rivers), and was conducted by Captain Fleet, who knew well the country, to a river on the north side of Potomac River. They went up this river about four leagues from the mouth thereof, which they called Saint George's River.

They went up this river about four leagues, and anchored at the town of Yoacomaco, from whence the Indians of that part of the country are called the Yoacomacoes.

At their coming to this place, the Governor went on shore and treated friendly with the Werowance there, and acquainted him with the intent of his coming thither, to which he made little answer (as their manner is to any new or sudden question), but entertained him and his company that night in his house, and gave him his bed to lie on (which is a mat laid on boards), and the next day went to show him the country, and that day being spent in viewing the places about that town, and the fresh waters, which here are very plentiful and excellent good (but the main rivers are salt); the Governor determined to make the first colony there, and so gave order for the ship and pinnaces to come thither.

This place he found to be a very commodious situation for a town, in regard the land is good, the air wholesome and pleasant, the river affords a safe harbor for ships of any burthen, and a very bold shore. Fresh water and wood there is in great plenty, and the place so naturally fortified, as with little difficulty it may be defended from any enemy.

To make his entry peaceable and safe, he thought fit to

present[1] the Werowance and the Wisoes of the town (so they call the chief men of account amongst them) with some English cloth, such as is used in trade with the Indians, axes, hoes and knives, which they accepted very kindly, and freely gave consent that he and his company should dwell in one part of their town, and reserved the other for themselves; and those Indians who dwelt in that part of the town, which was allotted for the English, freely left them their houses and some corn that they had begun to plant. It was also agreed between them that at the end of harvest they should leave the whole town, which they did accordingly. And they made mutual promises to each other to live friendly and peaceably together, and if any injury should happen to be done on any part, that satisfaction should be made for the same, and thus upon the 27th day of March, Anno Domini 1634, the Governor took possession of the place, and named the town St. Mary's.

There was an occasion that much facilitated their treaty with these Indians, which was this: the Susquehanocks, a warlike people that inhabit between Chesapeake Bay and Delaware Bay, did usually make wars and incursions upon the neighboring Indians, partly for superiority, partly for to get their women, and what other purchase they could meet with, which these Indians of Yoacomaco fearing, had the year before our arrival there, made a resolution for their safety, to remove themselves into the country higher, where it was more populous, and many of them were gone thither before the English arrived.

Three days after their coming to Yoacomaco, the *Ark* and the two pinnaces arrived there. The Indians much wondered to see such ships, and at the thundering of the ordinance when they came to an anchor.

The next day they began to prepare for their houses, and first of all a court of guard and a store-house. In the meantime they lay aboard the ship. They had not been there many days before Sir John Hervey,[2] the Governor of

[1] Whilst all history is full of commendation and praise over the conduct of William Penn, in *purchasing* his lands in Pennsylvania from the Indians, it will not be amiss to bestow a due measure of credit upon the same course pursued by Lord Baltimore's Governor. *He purchased* the land, upon which his settlement was made, for what, to Indians, would be ample remuneration, they being about moreover to abandon their country, as indeed many of them had already done, in consequence of their dread of the formidable Susquehannocks. —*Note by Dr. Dalrymple,* '*Relatio,*' p. 123.

[2] The first Lord Baltimore, after the failure of his Colony at Avalon in Newfoundland, came to Virginia in search of a better situation for himself

Virginia, came thither to visit them, some Indian Werowances also and many other Indians from several parts came to see them, and amongst others the Werowance of

---

and his dependents, arriving at James City in 1729. He was very ungraciously received by the Virginia colonists. The Assembly tendered him and his followers the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy, the latter of which, as a Roman Catholic, he refused to take. The oath at that time was the one prescribed by the Statute I. Eliz. ch. i, sec. 19, by which he must have declared that the King was the only supreme governor of all his dominions and countries, "as well *in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes*, as temporal." — *The Lords Baltimore by John G. Morris.*

Father White mentions the apprehensions of his companions, as the expedition approached Point Comfort in Virginia, "lest the English inhabitants, to whom our plantation is very objectionable, should plot some evil against us." Sir John Harvey, Governor of Virginia, treated them well at this first meeting, and after the friendly visit mentioned above, sided with Governor Calvert against the partisans of Claiborne. He was forcibly sent home to England shortly afterwards by the Virginia Company. "The Company allege that he is a Marylander, that is, one that favours too much Lord Baltimore's Plantation, to their prejudice" (*Stafford's Letters*). The subjoined State Paper throws some light upon the subject :—

State Papers. Dom. Charles I., Vol. 303, *No.* 105.
11 Dec. 1635.

Whitehall. Notes by Nicholas, Clerk of Council, of proceedings of the Council this day, the King being present, on the investigation of charges against Sir John Hervey, Governor of Virginia, who has been sent home by the Council of that Colony. The charges against Sir John and his answers are here given, with a special note of the King's opinion, and a passing remark of Archbp. Laud [Canterb.]. The whole is somewhat difficult to make out, being partly written in Nicholas' shorthand.

It was held to be an assumption of royal power to send hither the Governor : those to be sent for that assumed the Government, and him that laid hands on the Governor.

Amongst the charges against the Governor are the following :—

That he denieth to administer the oath of allegiance to those that went thither to plant, as he is obliged by his instructions. And that he is a favorer of the Popish Religion.

Charged that one Rabnet of Maryland having said it was lawful and meritorious to kill an heretic King, and Sir John Harvey caused him to be apprehended, and set at liberty, and this being offered to be proved by one Mr. Williams, a Minister, Sir John would not admit of his testimony, because he had married two persons without a license.

Lord Baltimore's servants had slain three men in keeping of the entry of Hudson's River, which goes up to Maryland. (!)

Mr. White, a Minister, is silenced by the Governor, for cursing those of his Parish ; and an old man for bringing of him drink and white bread is . . . . . Governor :—

That he could never see any orders, albeit he had two years time to show his orders : denies that he silenced him.

Charged that he countenanceth the religion in Maryland. Mr. Halley in the midst of the Mass said that he was come to plant in Maryland the Romish religion.

Denied absolutely by Mr. Halley.

It is said by Sir John Harvey and Mr. Halley that there is public Mass in Maryland.

Patuxent, who, being brought into the great cabin of the ship, was placed between the Governors of Virginia and Maryland, when a Patuxent Indian that came with him, on entering the cabin and finding the Werowance thus seated between the two Governors, started back, fearing that he had been surprised, and was ready to have lept overboard, nor could he be persuaded to come into the cabin until the Werowance came himself unto him, for he remembered how the said Werowance had formerly been taken prisoner by the English of Virginia.

After they had finished the store-house and unloaded the ship, the Governor thought fit to bring the colors on shore, which were attended by all the gentlemen and the rest of the servants in arms, who received the colors with a volley of shot, which was answered by the ordnance of the ship. At this ceremony were present the Werowances of Patuxent and Yoacomaco, with many other Indians; and the Werowance of Patuxent hereupon took occasion to advise the Indians of Yoacomaco to be careful to keep the league that they had made with the English. He stayed with them divers days, and used many Indian compliments, and at his departure he said to the Governor: "I love the English so well, that if they should go about to kill me, if I had but so much breath as to speak, I would command the people not to avenge my death; for I know that they would not do such a thing except it were through mine own defaults."

They brought thither with them some store of Indian corn from the Barbadoes, which at their first arrival they began to use (thinking fit to preserve their English provision of meal and oatmeal), and the Indian women, seeing their servants to be unacquainted with the manner of dressing it, would make bread thereof for them, and teach them how to do the like. They found also the country well stored with corn (which they bought with truck, such as there is desired, the natives having no knowledge of the use of money), whereof they sold them such plenty as that they sent a thousand bushels of it to New England to provide them some salt fish and other commodities which they wanted.

During the time that the Indians stayed by the English at Yoacomaco, they went daily to hunt with them for deer and turkeys, whereof some they gave them for presents, and the meaner sort would sell them to them for knives, beads and the like. Also of fish the natives brought them great store, and in all things dealt very friendly with them;

their women and children came very frequently amongst them, which was a certain sign of their confidence of them, it being found by experience that they never attempt any ill where the women are or may be in danger.

Their coming thus to seat upon an Indian town, where they found ground cleared to their hands, gave them opportunity (although they came late in the year) to plant some corn and to make them gardens, which they sowed with English seeds of all sorts, and they prospered exceedingly well. They also made what haste they could to finish their houses; but before they could accomplish all these things, one Captain Claybourne (who had a desire to appropriate the trade of those parts unto himself) began to cast out words amongst the Indians, saying that those of Yoacomaco were Spaniards and his enemies; and by this means endeavored to alienate the minds of the natives from them, so that they did not receive them so friendly as formerly they had done. This caused them to lay aside all other works and to finish their fort, which they did within the space of one month; where they mounted some ordnance, and finished it with some *murtherers* and such other means of defence as they thought fit for their safeties; which being done, they proceeded with their homes and finished them, with convenient accommodations belonging thereto, and although they had thus put themselves in safety, yet they ceased not to procure to put these jealousies out of the natives' minds, by treating and using them in the most courteous manner they could, and at last prevailed therein, and settled a very firm peace and friendship with them. They procured from Virginia hogs, poultry and some cows, and some male cattle which hath given them a foundation for breed and increase; and whoso desire it may furnish himself with a store of cattle from thence; but the hogs and poultry are already increased in Maryland to a great stock, sufficient to serve the colony very plentifully. They have also set up a water mill for the grinding of corn adjoining the town.

Thus, within the space of five months, was laid the foundation of the colony in Maryland, and whoso now intends to go thither shall find the way so trodden, that he may proceed with much more ease and confidence than these first adventurers could, who were ignorant both of place, people and all things else, and could expect to find nothing but what nature produced; besides, they could not in any reason but think the natives would oppose them; whereas,

now the country is discovered, and friendship with the natives is assured, houses built, and many other accommodations, as cattle, hogs, poultry, fruits, and the like, brought thither from England, Virginia and other places, which are useful both for profit and pleasure; and without boasting, it may be said that this colony hath arrived to more in six months than Virginia did in many years. If any man shall say they are beholden to Virginia for so speedy a supply of many of those things which they of Virginia were forced to fetch from England and other remote places, they will confess it, and acknowledge themselves glad that Virginia is so near a neighbor, and that it is so well stored of all necessaries for to make those parts happy and the people to live as plentifully as in any other part of the world; only they wish that they would be content their neighbors might live in peace by them, and then no doubt they should find a great comfort each in the other.

1635.

"On account of the very many difficulties that present themselves in this mission, which has been lately started, but little fruit has thus far been gathered from it, especially among the savages, whose language is slowly acquired by our countrymen, and hardly admits of being written. There are employed in it five members of the Society, three priests and two assistants, who, in hope of future results, endure their present toils with great cheerfulness.

1636.

"Four priests and one lay-brother are employed in this mission, but we are left in ignorance of what they have accomplished, because no letters have been brought thence during this year.

1637–8.

"Four Fathers gave their attention to the mission, and along with them one lay-brother, who, after enduring severe toils for the space of five years with the greatest pa-

tience, humility and ardent love, was seized by the disease prevalent at the time, and happily exchanged this wretched life for that which is eternal.

"He was shortly followed by one of the Fathers, who, though young, possessed remarkable qualities of mind, which gave great promise for the future. He had scarcely spent two months in this mission, when, to the great grief of all of us, he was carried off by the sickness so general in the colony, from which none of the three remaining priests have entirely escaped, yet we have not ceased to labor to the best of our ability among the neighboring people.[1]

"Though the authorities of this colony have not yet allowed us to dwell among the savages, on account both of the prevailing sickness and of the hostile disposition shown by the barbarians towards the English, to the extent of murdering a man from this colony, who had gone amongst them for the sake of trade, and also of entering into a conspiracy against our whole nation; still we hope that one of us will shortly secure a station among the barbarians. Meanwhile, we devote ourselves more zealously to the English; and since there are Protestants as well as Catholics in the colony, we have labored for both, and God has blessed our labors.

"For among the Protestants, nearly all who came out from England in this year (1638) and many others, have been converted to the faith, together with four servants whom we purchased in Virginia (another of our colonies) for necessary services, and five mechanics whom we hired for a month, and have in the meantime won to God. Not long afterwards one of these departed this life, after being duly prepared for death, and receiving the sacraments. Hardly anything else worth mentioning has occurred with respect to them, but the following circumstances are more worthy of note:

[1] Brother Thomas Gervase died in 1637; the day and month not named. Father John Knowles died September 24, 1637.

"A certain person, a zealous Protestant, entirely unknown to us, was staying with a friend who was still more fervent in his religion, and having been bitten by one of the snakes that abound in these parts, he was in great danger of death. One of our Fathers, on learning this, took a surgeon with him and hurried to the sick man, with the hope of being of some benefit to his soul, though it was reported that he had already lost his senses. His friend, however, divining this intention, tried to thwart its success. The priest, unable to think of any other plan, determined to stay all night with the sick man. But his friend prevented this also, and, lest the Father should gain any access at night, he appointed a guard to sleep on a bed laid across the door of the chamber occupied by his friend. The priest, nevertheless, watched anxiously for every opportunity of approach, and going at midnight, when he supposed the guard would probably be overcome by sleep, he contrived, without disturbing him, to enter the sick man's room ; and, at his own desire, received him into the Church. Although, under the circumstances, it was impossible that the sick man could be taught much, or be very firmly established in his belief, yet when, contrary to all expectation, he was cured by our surgeon, the grace of God gave him strength to choose to be put out of his friend's house rather than retract what he had done; nay, he even came to us of his own accord, and happily completed the work which he had begun.

"Another man, whom one of us tried to bring to the orthodox faith, repulsed him with the answer, "that he had vowed he never would embrace Catholicity." A short time afterwards, this wretched man was attacked by disease, and brought to the last extremity before the Father was informed of his sickness. He, however, hastened to the house with all speed, and found him quite insensible, though still breathing. Accordingly, he instructed the attendants to put some nourishment into the mouth of the sick man every now and then, and summon him if there was at any time a return of consciousness. A message arriving early

the next morning, the Father ran to him, and, after a time, perceived that he could in some measure understand what was said, and could sometimes give an answer to a short question, though not to a long discourse at once. The Father, therefore, determined to make use of the present opportunity, inasmuch as he could not hope for another. And when by various communications he felt sure that he had obtained the consent of the sick man to become a Catholic, as well as an expression of sorrow for his sins, and a desire to be absolved from them, he gave him absolution, together with the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. After this had been done, the sick man, in a day or two, was perfectly restored to his senses. And when asked what he had done, or what he was conscious of having been done with respect to him, he answered with such great joy and heartfelt emotion that he had been admitted to the Catholic Church and intended to remain in it even to his last breath, that all who were present were affected with no small admiration. Afterwards, when the Father came again, he expressed the same joy to him, and to his great satisfaction performed everything necessary for his further confirmation in grace. From that time he gradually recovered, but having had scarcely any of the proper remedies, and being obliged to lie for a long time on his back, dreadful ulcers broke out over his whole body. We procured such necessaries for him as we could at our own expense, and sent him a surgeon, by whose skilful attention and the watchful care of others he was cured, and is now a strong man, sound, as we trust, both in mind and body.

"Another person, who was of noble birth, had been reduced to such poverty by his own unrestrained licentiousness that he sold himself into this colony. Here, when he had been recalled by one of us to the right faith and the fruits of a holy life, he still had anxious doubts as to whether he had entered upon the safe road. On one occasion, when he had entrusted himself to the sea in a small skiff, a frightful storm arose, such as he had never seen, al-

though he had been often out in storms before; inevitable shipwreck seeming close at hand, he earnestly prayed to God that He would ward off the impending danger, as a confirmation of the faith he had lately embraced, provided it was really true. God heard his prayer, and, turning the storm in another direction, confirmed his wavering mind, and brought him to a state of tranquil peace. Not long afterwards, this man was brought to the last extremity by a severe complaint, and having received all the Sacraments about an hour before his death, he asked his Catholic attendant to pray for him. It is probable that his guardian angel presented himself to his sight, for when almost at the point of death, he called the same attendant, saying with a cheerful voice: 'Don't you see my good angel? Behold him standing near to carry me away; I must depart.' And thus happily (as we are permitted to hope) he breathed his last. Since his burial, even Protestants have often seen a very bright light playing at night around his tomb.

"Besides these cases, a Father going beyond the colony, found two Frenchmen, of whom one had been without the sacraments of the Church for three entire years; the other was already near death, after spending fifteen whole years among heretics, and living just as they did. The Father aided the former with the sacraments, and confirmed him in the Catholic faith as far as he could. The latter he restored to the Catholic Church, and, administering all the sacraments, prepared him for a happy death.

[An attempt will be made in the next number to determine the *Status* of the Mission during the first ten years of its existence. This will give an opportunity to bring together various notes, which might have been appended here in illustration of the text.]

ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

LETTER I.

On the Yellowstone, July —, 1877.

Where shall I begin the account I promised you of a jaunt across the Continent? After tugging slowly up the Yellowstone, against a current more like that of a mountain stream than a great river, railroads seem too commonplace to deserve mention. Let me begin then at Bismarck, the present terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, just asking you to glance back towards Duluth, at the head of Lake Superior, from which this railroad starts. There is nothing at all inviting about this first portion of the route; the country is level and marshy, scrub oak and tamarack being the characteristic trees, and the road-bed swaying in ominous undulations, as if it had wished to sink out of sight like the millions of hard earned savings that helped to construct it. In such ground, to prevent the subsidence of the track, trees are felled across from both sides, and earth or gravel is then piled upon them to receive the track. At Brainerd, the railroad crosses the Mississippi, no slight stream even in this northern latitude, but small when compared with the Missouri. After crossing the Mississippi, I could only meditate upon the country through which we were rolling along, for it was too dark to see anything, and next morning found us at the Western boundary of Minnesota, the Red River of the North. This we crossed at Fargo, and as it was Sunday, we had to be content with the speed of a freight train, that gave us abundant time to gaze upon the level extent of Dacotah's prairies, where not a single tree breaks the monotony of the dull scenery. These prairies produce fine wheat, and immense tracts are being brought under cultivation. They talk here of single furrows miles in length, and one thinks of a ploughman in

seven-league boots to do the work, and a Colonel Mulberry Sellers to calculate the amount of grain to be harvested.

At dusk we reached Bismarck on the Missouri River, the present terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad. To say that it is the terminus of the road is enough to describe the town to any one who remembers Cheyenne or Denver in years past, when they bore the same relation to other railroads. Houses built more of canvas than of wood, stores with large displays of goods in front, immense signs and great pretence, running back to small wall tents not many feet in the rear—

ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne,

grog shops more numerous than all other trades combined, a French restaurant kept by a German who has a negro cook; a population of some hundreds, the male portion being largely in the majority, and of a character such as Mark Twain and Bret Harte have made the world familiar with—this is Bismarck. The very air of the place is nomadic. You would not think of remaining there for a day, and you cannot imagine that any one really stays there.

The railroad will move on and "Bismarck" will move with it. Not the material Bismarck, that may stop where it is and be the foundation of a future city—but the moral Bismarck, the present inhabitants, railroad employés, adventurers, whiskey-dealers—they will push on with that which gives them life and a *raison d'être*. It may be safe to say that the material Bismarck too will not remain, for it is said that at Cheyenne a traveler left his carpet-bag leaning against a house, whilst he went to mail a letter, and that on his return, house, carpet-bag and all had disappeared. The Arab had struck his tent, and had doubtless mistaken the traveler's carpet-bag for some of his own personalty. The character of such a place necessarily soon changes; permanent dwellings are erected, streets paved; and a more respectable population takes the place of the pioneers. Warned by him of Cheyenne, we did not leave our carpet-bags against any of the houses, but shook the dust from our feet in the

early morning, and proceeded to the steamboat landing, about a mile distant, where the Rosebud, a boat well known on these upper waters, received us.

On the Missouri.—Truly he makes those who trespass on his patience by opposing his natural drift, pay well for their temerity. The broad brown waters sweep past us at the rate of six miles an hour and our steamer puffs and tugs to make the progress of a row-boat. The stream runs between bluffs about one hundred feet in height, in which occur occasional layers of lignite, or soft coal, a few feet in thickness. Sometimes the hills recede from the stream, and the low lands on the banks of the river are covered with cottonwood and willow trees. The hills themselves are covered with thin tough prairie grass, but no trees or shrubs break their monotonous outline. The sun seems to have forgotten that he is shining upon latitude 47°, for he beats down with as much warmth upon us as he is wont to do ten degrees further south. It is intensely hot on the steamboat, and day and night the mosquitoes swarm about us relentlessly. They are not the noisy, boisterous pests of New Jersey, but quiet, sober searchers after blood. We wear the ordinary head protectors, made of mosquito netting, which form a necessary part of one's costume on the Upper Missouri; heavy buckskin gauntlets protect our hands, and still it is impossible to escape entirely. To do so, it is necessary to be clad in newspaper armor, and at some of the forts we visit, we are told that ladies and children thus protect themselves. Is it the character of the paper, the moral or physical odor of the print that disgusts and repels the hungry insect? The days drag wearily along, the scenery is as tame and dull as can be imagined, the great stream always opposes our progress with the same swift current, and there is none of the romance of seeing herds of elk and buffalo and antelope. I wander about the boat, and find my way to the pilot-house, where Grant Marsh, our Captain, whiles away an hour chatting about other trips, when he was obliged to surround his pilot-house with sheet iron to protect the pilot from the bullets of Indians on

the shore. How do pilots steer on these western rivers? A broad shallow stream lies before them, the main channel is always comparatively narrow, and to a landman's eye there is nothing to show where the water is deep. They judge by the sweep of the river, the character of the bends, by a mere ripple, and other signs which they cannot describe. "May I steer a while?" "Certainly." "Which way?" "Put her close to the bank here, there's a long sand bar stretching out yonder." "How do you know?" A low chuckle is the only direct answer. "Last year it was on this side, and above the bend there, but I see it has shifted." I am tempted to repeat my interrogation, but refrain this time. Surely this is the evidence of things that appear not; faith is necessary here. To me there is only a broad yellow surface gleaming in the sunlight, without wave or ripple.

In the afternoon we pause at Fort Stephenson, a small military post on the left bank (the right as we ascend), and we discharge some freight for the fort. At nightfall we come to a great bend, and on the point or elbow that juts out into the stream stands a village of the Mandan Indians, and near by is Fort Berthold, the agency for the tribe. Unlike most Indians of the Northwest, the Mandans live in large dome-shaped huts, covered with earth. It is among them that Lewis and Clarke spent their first winter on their famous exploring expedition of 1804–5–6. The manners and habits of the tribe have been interestingly described by Catlin. In three days from Bismarck we reached Fort Buford, at the mouth of the Yellowstone, a distance of some three hundred miles—slow traveling when compared with railroad speed, but a wonderful improvement upon canoes and row-boats we read of, when fifteen miles a day up stream was regarded as good progress.

We have now seen three military posts—Fort Lincoln, a few miles below Bismarck, which we visited before starting up the river; Fort Stephenson, and now Fort Buford. These stations are scattered through all the western territories in such a manner as to hold in check bands of roving Indians, to protect large districts, and to form depots from which

troops can operate against hostile tribes. They are so much alike in general character that a description of one may suffice for all. An open square, one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards in length, surrounded on all sides by frame buildings, one story in height, usually painted white, or of some very light color. On one side are officers' quarters, on two others barracks for the men, the fourth being occupied by store-houses, shops and other necessary buildings. Sometimes small block-houses close the angles of the square, but usually there is nothing to indicate that attack is even possible. No earthworks of any kind surround the buildings, no cannon are seen, there is no stockade or enclosure. The Indians rarely attack one of these forts, and the mere presence of an armed garrison is enough to make them avoid any near approach, though in the field they may prove more than a match for the troops. Such posts are like little oases in a desert, where, after long dreary marches across uninhabited wastes, one meets with many of the conveniences of civilized life, and with genial, cordial people, who try to make homes for themselves wherever they are sent. Life must be dull enough in such places, especially in the winter, when for months at a time they are cut off from regular communication with the outside world. A regiment is liable to be moved from Texas to Montana, or from Louisiana to Oregon; so, officers, and their families as well, acquire an indifference to places and an adaptability to circumstances that is becoming to the military profession.

As the Rosebud reached Fort Buford at sunset, and steamed up the river at dawn, there was no chance to see the mouth of the Yellowstone. It is well known that the Missouri is the stream which gives character to the Mississippi, or rather that it is the principal river of the two. Of the Yellowstone we were tempted to think the same, and say that the Missouri flowed into it, and not it into the Missouri. If the size and volume of the two streams be compared, scarcely any difference will be found. At the mouth of the Yellowstone, Lewis and Clarke's party found it to

exceed the Missouri in actual width only about thirty yards. The latter is, however, the longer stream, probably drains a greater extent of territory, and therefore deserves to be held as the principal river.

As we ascend the Yellowstone, the current is swifter, the bends in the river are sharper and more frequent, rendering navigation correspondingly difficult, and the bluffs on the shore are higher and more rugged. To the south of us now lie the Bad Lands, the *Mauvaises Terres* of the French, which well deserve their name. You have seen mud dried and cracking in the sun, and noticed how irregular the cracks are in size and direction, how unlike any defined arrangement of hill and valley, such as is seen where a rill has washed out a bed for itself on the road side? Imagine the cracked mud indefinitely magnified until each little portion grows to be a great hill and the rifts between become rugged ravines, and you will have some notion of what the Bad Lands are like, as they appear from the Yellowstone. The strata lie horizontally, and consist of soft sand stones, alternating with indurated clays, usually crowned by some feet of drift, and above that again alluvium. Such soft formations might, it seems, by the mere influence of denudation, be worked into their present uncouth shapes. The fact that the strata lie *horizontally* shows that there has not been much disturbance since they were laid down. There are some thin layers of what appears to be coal, but it is said to be useless for fuel, being probably admixed with clay.

Occasionally there are islands in the river covered with cottonwood trees. At times the banks are low, and the plains on both sides extend for some distance, but the general character of this portion of the Yellowstone is that of high bare hills. There are not a few sand bars in the stream, and the current seems to become swifter and swifter as we ascend. A west wind is enough to stop our progress altogether, and oblige us to tie up to the bank for a few hours, but the time is utilized in laying in fuel for the engine. At night, too, we tie up to the bank, and guards are stationed

on the hills. It is strange to find that Captain Clarke reckons the current of the Yellowstone, from Tongue River to the Missouri, at only two miles an hour, while it seems to us to be six or seven. The difference can only be accounted for by remembering that he did not ascend the Yellowstone, but visited that stream on his return from the Columbia, and to descend a stream makes one's judgment of the current very moderate, when after a long absence the voyager has turned his face once more homeward. He agrees with us in finding the mosquitoes on this portion of the Yellowstone a great pest: "Aug. 5th—Finding their situation intolerable where they were (from the mosquitoes), they proceeded further down. On the way Captain Clarke went on shore and ascended a hill in pursuit of a big-horn, but the moschetoes were in such multitudes that he could not keep them from the barrel of his rifle long enough to take aim." At night they are particularly annoying, and the choice between making yourself a victim to the mosquitoes and sleeping with your clothes, shoes, hat and mosquito-net on, is not a pleasant one, but the latter alternative is to me the less unbearable, even in the close berth of a small state-room. When we have ascended about one hundred and fifty miles, we find that they have gradually diminished in number, and then entirely disappeared, why or wherefore the entomologist must tell us.

At the mouth of Tongue River there is a large cantonment of troops, stationed here to control the wandering bands of Sioux that have given so much trouble during the past few years. The quarters are built of logs with earth-covered roofs, but they are very comfortable and cosy. The ladies of the garrison came up from Fort Leavenworth on board a steamboat, their furniture being stored on a second vessel. Unfortunately, the boat on which the furniture was laden blew up, and all their household goods were lost. They arrived, therefore, stripped of their *Lares* and *Penates*, but have accommodated themselves with great cleverness to the situation. The commandant's house, for instance, is decorated with bunting, the stars and stripes furnishing

the walls and ceilings. Boxes and trunks have been neatly covered with skins of bear and elk, the walls are adorned with Indian trophies, and the whole residence has a truly martial air about it. A permanent post is in course of construction, but we rejoice to have seen the log huts with their military furniture. A mile from the cantonment is a camp of Indian prisoners. The children, arrayed in nature's garb, are lying out in the sunlight; women, half clad, are lazily reclining in the wigwams; here and there one may be found engaged on some sort of bead work, but for the most part they are without occupation, listless, dull and stupid looking. The men are fine specimens of humanity physically, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, with large square features and fine muscular development.

We saw men lying naked in a sweat-tub, a low circular structure with a pile of heated stones in a hole in the centre. They were "making medicine," and from the buffalo skull that grinned in the doorway, we inferred that their incantations had something to do with a hunt. We also saw a number of men crowded into a tepee, singing monotonously to the accompaniment of a drum, which they beat incessantly.

Deprived of their arms and ponies, Sioux prisoners are regarded as harmless creatures, and do not need to be strictly guarded. They sometimes avail themselves in a curious way of the liberty allowed them, as the following anecdote shows: A young lady at the post was engaged in front of her mirror the other day, when she perceived in the glass the image of a swarthy brave seated on the floor behind her. Resisting the first impulse to scream, she continued arranging her hair, while another and still another figure kept appearing in the mirror, until she was surrounded by an admiring circle of Sioux warriors. They had stolen past the guard, were prowling about the post, and had entered the room through curiosity to watch the white squaw at her toilet. Like all Indians, the Sioux make use of gestures as well as words as a means of communicating their thoughts. For instance, a chief describing a journey,

lays his head on his elbow three times, points to the west, and raises and lowers his hand rapidly as he moves it in front of him, thus indicating that he traveled west for three days on horseback. And so he continues, but the other signs are too complicated for one unacquainted with this mode of speech to interpret readily.

In the evening there is a parade of the regiment, and four companies appear mounted on Indian ponies. An infantry man with his long musket looks strange enough on a small Indian pony, but General Miles thinks they will be very efficient in the field. For two principal reasons they will be better than the ordinary cavalry. First, because they are armed with the musket instead of the short carbine which the regulations require the cavalry to carry; secondly, because, as their ponies are accustomed to living on prairie grass, there will be no need of having long trains of pack animals loaded with forage to follow every detachment. They will be superior to infantry from the fact that they can make forced marches quicker, and with less fatigue to the men.

The difficulties — I had almost said the impossibilities— of an Indian campaign can not easily be appreciated by the citizen of an eastern town, who reads the account of Custer's massacre, with his slippers on the fender, and wonders how regular troops can be overcome by poor, ill-supplied savages, encumbered with wives, children and household goods. A little reflection shows, however, that the poor savage has many points in his favor. He is a practised marksman, trained from infancy to the use of arms; the soldier until two or three years ago was a laboring man or a farmer, and during his years of military service has had but little practice in firing. The Sioux has a number of ponies, and when one is jaded he jumps upon a second, driving the others before him, and his animals are satisfied with the scanty pickings of the prairie. The trooper has his one horse, on which he is totally dependent, and it must be fed on good oats, and must be well shod and cared for. The Indian is a perfect horseman, can fight on foot or in

the saddle, and has trained his pony to perfect docility, so that he will stand fire. The soldier, even if he be a fine rider, can seldom rely on his horse, so that usually one man in four must hold the horses, while the others advance on foot to deliver their volley. A brave will give anything for a good rifle; it is his treasure, "dimidium animæ;" the government cannot afford to arm the common soldier with a crack rifle. There is another very important point to be considered in criticizing modern engagements. The use of repeating arms, enabling opposing forces to fire very rapidly, obliges an extension of lines, a widening of intervals, which leaves each man more of a unit, more dependent on his own courage and skill than in former times, when we read of solid columns advancing to the attack. Speaking under correction, this must favor the Indian more than the white man, because regular troops depend upon orders from their officers, and upon the moral support of standing shoulder to shoulder with comrades. The savage is by nature a guerilla, and can fight alone or in bands, as the occasion requires. One thing more, and I have done with this apology, where apology is hardly needed. A stern chase is always a long chase, especially when the leading vessel is the better sailer; and to follow a band of Indians across the plains is like giving chase on the high seas.

Leaving Fort Keogh, as the Tongue River post is to be called, after three days we reached the mouth of the Big Horn. Nearly opposite the point where this stream empties into the Yellowstone is "Pease City," consisting of two very small houses, and a diminutive block-house for defence against the Indians. The Big Horn has the same character as the Yellowstone, only exaggerated. It is a bold, swift, winding stream, striking on one side against a steep rocky bluff, and then swerving off between bottom lands, covered with a thick growth of cottonwood, until it meets similar hills on the other side of its valley.

I shall never forget the picturesqueness of the scenery at the point where we "camped" last night. The boat lay

at the foot of a high sloping bluff, broken by steep ravines, on whose slanting sides grew a few pines and bushes. Climbing to the summit of the bluff, the view in all directions was strangely beautiful. The bright moon shed a lustre over everything, and in its soft light barren hills seemed clothed as if with velvet. Far away to the west rose the Big Horn Mountains, looking like a low blue cloud against the distant sky. In the near distance lay rolling hills, broken by jagged ravines with here and there a lonely pine standing like our own pickets motionless against the dark blue background of the Heavens. At our feet lay the river—the merciless, torrent-like stream—now sweeping and eddying against a soft, low, yielding bank, carrying away trees and shrubbery; now boldly dashing against cliffs of yellow sandstone, then stretching away in the bright moonlight, seemingly as quiet and calm as a lake, but revealing its true character in an occasional swirl or eddy dancing brightly in the shimmer of the moon. Up the steep hill sides were clambering the boat's crew, with soldiers to help them, and the sharp stroke of the axe broke the quiet stillness of the air, and broke it not unpleasantly. There is something strangely impressive to me in the vastness of these upper waters. You are familiar with the Mississippi at St. Louis, where it is already twelve hundred miles above its mouth—we know the broad Missouri at Leavenworth, four hundred miles above, and you remember that we reached the Missouri at Bismarck, a thousand miles still further up. Well, from Bismarck we traveled day and night for three days, and then we reached a tributary, the Yellowstone; on the Yellowstone we steamed and steamed day after day, and still the same broad expanse of swift waters. And now we are on a branch of the Yellowstone, and still we are on a mighty river. It fairly makes one's head ache to reflect upon the unceasing labors of these waters, and the vastness of their field of work, but such reflection is a great aid in appreciating the magnitude of nature's design in tearing down and grinding up mountains to make plains and meadows out of these same materials, thousands of miles below.

Confined by steep, enclosing hills, the Big Horn frets from side to side, sometimes divided into several channels, sometimes heaping its waters together, and so puzzling the navigator. Nature did not fashion this stream for steamboat navigation, and the Rosebud had to pay the penalty of being an intruder. Sometimes she stood perfectly still, though steaming as hard as possible; sometimes the river seemed to conquer, and we were borne backwards for a short distance. Fortunately, two companies of troops had embarked on our boat at Tongue River, so we were well off for men, and fifty or sixty of them would occasionally be landed to tug us up over a rapid or around some ugly bend, while the steamer was prevented from grounding by the use of long spars. Twenty miles the first day, fifteen the second; the stream is becoming swifter and swifter; Grant Marsh, energetic Captain as he is, has exhausted himself, and the five miles intervening between us and Fort Custer promise to occupy an indefinite time. A large part of the cargo is discharged on shore, to the mortification of the Captain, and we advance thus lightened to Post No. 2, or Fort Custer, at the mouth of the Little Big Horn. The site of this fort was determined by the disastrous engagement of General Custer with the Sitting Bull band last summer, and Forts Custer and Keogh, it is thought, will secure this district from future invasion by the Sioux, will open up the country north of the Yellowstone, and will also pave the way to some extent for the Northern Pacific Railroad. For unless these forts existed, large escorts would have to accompany and defend parties at work on the road. Fort Custer lies within the great reservation of the Crow Nation, which extends from the Rocky Mountains on the west to and beyond the Big Horn River on the east, and from the 45th parallel of latitude on the south to the Yellowstone River. The army may protect the territory of the Crows from their old enemy, the Sioux, but how long will they be able to keep out the more numerous white men? From the hills across the Yellowstone, the immigrant will look with longing eyes at the broad meadows

stretching invitingly before him, with their waving grasses that might so easily be replaced by wheat and oats; and the rolling uplands, where domestic herds could graze instead of the now almost extinct big-horn, or the few stray buffaloes that have still survived the wanton destruction of the huntsman.

Fort Custer is in process of construction, part of its garrison, with the commandant, Colonel Buell, having arrived a month ago. To construct a Fort is to found a colony in a desert. The troops arrive on the ground, pitch their tents, and then what is to be done next? Where is the material to be obtained? How is it to be brought to the spot? How shaped and fashioned? The vicinity of Fort Custer affords nothing but cottonwood, so this must be the chief building material. A young officer is sent some distance up the Little Big Horn with a detachment of men, who fell the trees and float logs down as fast as possible. The commanding officer, Colonel Buell, was an engineer officer during the War, and, to judge by the aspect of his post, he is glad to find active occupation. A portable steam saw-mill has been brought up by boat, and is now cutting ten thousand feet of lumber a day. A brickyard is also in full operation, and by the time winter sets in, there will be a neat square set of buildings up on the bluff, one hundred feet above the river. The cottonwood is not durable for building purposes, but it is the only building material available. Some twenty miles from Fort Custer, on the Little Big Horn River, is the spot where Custer and his three hundred fell last July, paying with their lives for the reckless daring of their ambitious commander. Two days in the rear of Custer was a column of more than two thousand infantry, a force more than sufficient to cope with Sitting Bull's band of Sioux. Custer's cavalry was designed to act as an auxiliary force, but their commander, wishing to reap all the honors of the campaign, and impatient of the necessarily slow movements of an infantry body, pressed forward to attack the Indians. Confident of an easy victory, and desirous of completely annihilating the Sioux, he

committed the further mistake of dividing his regiment into three portions, that they might attack the Indian village from different directions. The story is only too well known —how the gallant three hundred fell round their chief, and how the other detachments were only saved from a similar fate by a prudent retreat, an entrenched camp, and the arrival of the advance guard of the infantry column.

The descent of the Big Horn was as rapid as the ascent had been slow, but proportionally more dangerous. The waters seemed to carry the boat whithersoever they wished, at one time threatening to dash us head foremost against a bold, rocky cliff, at another sweeping us sideways down a straight stretch between two islands. Then our boat would catch in some projecting sand-bar, and, swinging round, we would drift stern foremost down the stream. If steering up stream was a mystery, what can be said of guiding a vessel down the Big Horn? A vague suspicion crossed my mind that we were not being steered, but that our Captain trusted to Providence and to the tightness of his boat. Be that as it may, the military authorities on board were thoroughly satisfied that the Big Horn is not a navigable stream, and a depot is to be opened on the Yellowstone, whence supplies will be conveyed to the post by wagon. The navigation of these upper waters is only attempted, of course, in the spring and summer, when the melted snows have filled the channels; and even then, as we have experienced, it is both slow and difficult.

At the mouth of the Big Horn we parted company with the Rosebud, which landed us on the north bank of the Yellowstone. There a military escort was waiting to accompany our party westward.

Our horses were soon saddled, and, though it was well on in the afternoon, we set forward at once. The road leads back from the river for a little distance, then rises on to the bluff, and continues along the height parallel to the stream. As we ascend from the valley, a storm, which has been brewing for some time, breaks upon us. Hail and rain beating in one's face, the wind blowing hard and cold from the

northwest, the dry alkali prairie converted in a few minutes to a muddy paste, a horse fresh as his rider to such an experience, and insisting upon a dog trot instead of a fair walk, the prospect of lying all night on that wet ground, all this dampens the ardor of the tyro, and he sees that the Rosebud's cabin was not such an uncomfortable place after all. When we go into camp a few miles further on, and our tent is pitched in a drizzling rain, he walks along the edge of the bluff watching the river winding below, seeking consolation in the view which the deepening shadows, together with the dark rain clouds, are fast narrowing. He almost ran against a smooth, square stake, and, stooping to see what purpose it served there, what was his astonishment to read in pencil character on one side, "Jefferson St.," and on the other "Montgomery St." Yes, he was in the midst of a town. Already (in the imagination of its founders) hotels, stores and dwellings adorn the corners of Jefferson and Montgomery streets, and town lots are selling at so much a front foot in Big Horn City.

Next day the weather is clear and fine, we make an early start, and I have a chance of becoming better acquainted with our escort. What a surprise it is to the uninitiated to see a company of cavalry on the march after they have been campaigning for some months. Keeping in mind the pictures you have seen of the Franco-Prussian war, or the mounted troops one sometimes sees on parade in the East, let me try to describe Company L., Second U. S. Cavalry. Their horses are light and dark bay, sorrel, roan—of diverse shades,—anything but uniform. The men have thrown off their overcoats, and coats as well, for the sun is beginning to beat down fiercely. Some carry their coats at the pommel, and others at the cantle of their saddles, rolled in the neat regulation fashion, or dangling at full length about their horses' flanks. Their trowsers are blue, and this marks the soldier; their shirts, however, are of every shade, red, blue and gray, and their hats white, black or brown. The faces of the men are brown and weatherbeaten, their whiskers in various stages of shagginess. Every bit of metal

about them, however, on carbine and pistol, buckle and button, is bright and clean, and the feeling grows upon me that they have seen more of the reality than of the showy part of a soldier's life. In fact, they look like a party of Texan rangers or of backwoodsmen, but not like regular troops in active service, as we imagine they should look.

Our second night on the plains was spent at Pompey's Pillar, so named by Captain Clarke. A ridge of sandstone stretches from the north to the Yellowstone, and the river, instead of flowing round the extreme point of this ridge, has cut through, leaving an isolated mass on the plain on the south side of the stream. The great hill looks romantic enough in its loneliness, and affords a fine view of the surrounding country from its summit. Pompey's Pillar is well described in Captain Clarke's journal. "It is nearly two hundred paces in circumference, two hundred feet high, and accessible only from the northeast, the other sides consisting of perpendicular cliffs of a light-colored, gritty stone. The low grounds of the river extended nearly six miles to the southward, when they rose into plains reaching to the mountains. The north side of the river for some distance is here surrounded by jutting, romantic cliffs, succeeded by ragged hills, beyond which the plains are again open and extensive."

Our route is marked by a wagon trail, very distinct, but without bridges or cuttings. We follow the ravines, or 'coolies,' to their head, and sometimes are obliged to make long detours from the course of the river. On the third day, especially, we were forced some miles to the north of the Yellowstone, high on the uplands, much to my delight, for from the ridge a fine view was gained. To the north lay the Bull Mountains, separated from us by range after range of rolling hills, covered with tall grass, and here and there a grove of pine trees in the sheltered ravines. To the south, far away, glistened the summits of the Big Horn Mountains, covered with snow even now, whilst near by lay the broad valley of the Yellowstone, with its fine meadows and groves of cottonwood. The southern side of the Yellow-

stone would have afforded us a more direct and an easier route, but there are no bridges, and the stream is too deep to ford with wagons. Hitherto we had seen but one buffalo, and that at a great distance; it was with great excitement that I perceived a stray buffalo moving in a direction such as forced him to cross our trail at some distance in front of us. Two or three of the soldiers were ordered to give chase, and as we were moving on a level plateau we enjoyed a good view of the hunt. The huge beast was well aware of his danger, and with his massy head lowered he ran at no mean speed. The soldiers gained steadily on him, however, and fired as their horses ran. Every shot took effect, and at the fourth the buffalo tumbled to the prairie. Riding slowly to the spot, we found the men busy over their prize; one wished to secure the tongue, a second the heart, a third some other chosen tit-bit, while the quartermaster's sergeant, a butcher by trade, soon arrived, and began to strip off the hide and quarter the carcass, loading the meat into one of the wagons. The buffaloes formerly ranged in summer from Texas to the northern boundary of our territories, but since the completion of the Union Pacific railroad they are said to be divided into two great herds, one of which, the northern herd, never passes below that road. In the summer it wanders north beyond the boundary of British America, and probably the bull we had just seen slain was a straggler on his way northward. We saw no more buffaloes, and very little other game on the Yellowstone. A few large rabbits and some deer were met with, but we secured no venison for our mess, on account of the shyness and swiftness of the deer. When Lewis and Clarke passed through this country it was swarming with game; elk, big-horns, deer and bear were then common, but the huntsmen have done their work well, and game is now too scarce and too wild for any but skilful and patient plainsmen to hope for a shot. Travelers, as we were, making our regular day's march the first and chief object, we could hope for little amusement or sport with the rifle. Though the prairies may be stripped of game, and the pic-

turesque tepees of the Indians replaced by the log cabins of the whites, though waving grasses must yield to the plow, and stately pine groves fall under the axe, the beauty of this rolling country can never be destroyed, and the view of the mountains will remain unchanged. Looking to the west, as we ride back to rejoin our party, clear cut against a bright blue sky, standing out prominent and distinct in the pure air, rise the Rocky Mountains. Why is it that the sight of a mountain range sends a thrill of admiration tingling through one's veins? You may see many pictures of more rugged peaks without the slightest feeling; you may read volumes about mountains, and find the volumes as dry as a German commentator on the classics, but let a man see a real mountain before his eyes, rising up like a wall to impede his progress, and a dim idea of vastness and majesty will float into his brain, and arouse a feeling of awe and wonder.

We camped the next night at the Hot Springs of Hunter's ranche, a locality well known in Montana. The waters are very hot when they issue from the ground, though they are tempered before being admitted to the bath. Of course, they are said to be very beneficial for many diseases, but the remoteness of the locality renders them of little service at present. No doubt they are destined to be famous in the future, and already there is a large bath-house with a swimming pool, of which we availed ourselves, enjoying the swim, and finding the water agreeably soft and pleasant to the skin. Montana has many such springs, but none, I believe, is more liked than Hunter's.

Two days' more marching, and we have followed the Yellowstone to the point where it debouches from the Rocky Mountains, a clear, sparkling stream, one hundred yards in width, full of lively trout, and glancing and gleaming along over its rocks as merry as a little brook. Its character is that of a brook, but, issuing from such a mountain range, its volume and swiftness must give evidence of its origin. Glancing back down its valley, we see that its main course is northeast, until many hundred miles below

it joins the Missouri, in the forty-eighth parallel of latitude, or very near our northern boundary line. Its main tributaries enter from the south, Clarke's Fork, the Big Horn, the Rose Bud, Powder and Tongue Rivers, all large streams, draining the lofty Big Horn Mountains. Its valley is from two to eight miles wide, and this land can all be readily cultivated. The hills and plateaus above will afford fine grazing, and doubtless this country was designed by nature to be a vast pasture for the flocks and herds of the white man. Like all valleys on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, the want of timber detracts much from its beauty, and renders the scenery at times dreary and monotonous. But as we approach the mountains, it becomes more diversified, groves of pines cling to the sides of the ravines, and there are more glades and wooded districts. Up to the mouth of the Big Horn there are no settlements except the occasional bivouac of a woodsman, who cuts cord wood for the steamers that bring supplies to the military posts. The few ranchemen that are established near the mountains rejoice in fine cattle and good vegetables, and other pioneers will doubtless soon follow their example in settling this country. We have not seen or heard of a hostile Indian since we embarked on the river, and now that the Sioux problem is practically solved by the establishment of large posts, settlers may feel comparatively secure. The Crow nation has always been friendly to the whites, so from them immigrants will have nothing to fear.

The climate is certainly trying. At night the thermometer sinks very low, and when reveille calls the sleeper from his hard bed, crawling from under a warm buffalo robe, he finds no overcoat too warm to keep out the chill of the morning. Once in the saddle, however, the beams of the rising sun having begun to sparkle among the dew-drops on the bunch-grass, overcoats are laid aside, and before long you begin to wish for shade and the cool of evening again. The heat at noonday is oppressive. For some distance from the mountains the Yellowstone is full of fine trout. They bite greedily, preferring grasshoppers to any artificial

fly. No reel is required in taking them, but an ordinary pole and line suffice. More or less caution is, of course, necessary in concealing oneself, but it requires no expert angler to enjoy an hour's fishing here. Sometimes a fine big fellow will drag hook, line and all with him, but, as a general thing, they can be landed safely without much playing. Our party stopped for a noon rest, when lunch and a nap were in order. Even at that unfavorable time, it was no little sport to spend an hour on the river's brink, and we seldom returned to camp without a fair string of speckled beauties. Even if they had had a surfeit of grasshoppers, and declined the offered bait, it was charming to watch them sporting in the clear water, with its dancing surface always changing, but always the same.

I shall write to you again from the National Park, the Geyser country, or Wonderland, as it is variously called.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I.—SOME LETTERS OF FR. F. GRIVEL.

Father Fidèle de Grivel was born of a distinguished family of Franche-Comté, December 17, 1769. He was already a priest, when he resolved to join the Fathers of the Sacred Heart. Father Varin writes of him: "I must say a word about our little Society and its plans. I say Society; for such it really is. There are six of us, and a seventh, who is the Abbé de Grivel, will speedily join us. He was this winter at Friburg, and I have seen him several times. He is an angel. Five of the six have been in the army." Father Grivel became a member of that Society in 1794, entering upon his novitiate at Leutershofen, not far from Augsburg, and shared the varying fortunes of that body until 1803, when he was received into the Society of Jesus in Russia. The strength of his religious vocation, and his

firm resolve to persevere in it, were shown in a remarkable manner, when, on the death of Father de Tournely in 1797, the struggling association of the Fathers of the Faith was deprived of its head, whose guidance seemed indispensable. Father Grivel was minister of the house, and, assembling the community around their founder's death-bed, he said with courage and confidence which could come only from on high: "My brethren, the Lord demands a most painful sacrifice from us; He strikes at the most sensitive part of our hearts; but let us not imagine that He will desert His little flock; *Nolite timere, pusillus grex.* He snatches away the best of parents, for whom we had too much natural affection. God wishes to show us that He stands in need of no man to accomplish His designs, and that He can carry them on to a successful issue by the feeblest instruments just as well as by those who seemed to be best fitted for the purpose. Courage, then; let us be of confident heart; it is not without a purpose that God has brought us together, and given us such signal marks of His protection; let us correspond with His intentions, and let us promise, over the dead body of our Father, that we will never separate, and that we will be faithful to our vocation." Admitted into the Novitiate, Fr. Grivel, speaks with enthusiasm of the life led at Polocz: "The fervor which reigns here claims my unbounded admiration; we have too much happiness. I live amongst angels in a land of benediction; *venite et videte.* Cheerfulness, modesty, simplicity, exact observance of the rule, union of hearts, charity, the spirit of Jesus Christ,—these are the marks of our novice life, and these excite my admiration." The quiet retirement of Polocz was soon exchanged for active missionary life among the German colonies that the Russian government had planted along the Volga. An interesting account of his labors at Krasnopolis is given by Fr. Grivel in a letter to a friend at Paris (CARAYON — Documents sur la Compagnie de Jésus, xx, 6). Recalled to St. Petersburg, he taught Rhetoric in the College established by the Society in that city, until the Jesuits were expelled from the two capitals of

the Russian Empire, in 1815, when he returned to France. In the following year, Fr. Brzozowski appointed him Visitor to England, from which country he was accompanied back to France by Father Simpson. Shortly afterwards Father Simpson became Provincial of France, and Fr. Grivel, as Socius to him and to his successor in that office, Father Richardot, was of great assistance in regulating the affairs of the Province. He was a member of the Twentieth General Congregation, which in 1820 elected Father Louis Fortis, General of the Society, and during its deliberations he signalized his zeal for religious discipline, and his attachment to the Institute. He taught theology at Paris and Stonyhurst for some years, and then, being sent to Maryland, he filled the office of Master of Novices with zeal and edification (Feb. 22, 1831–Dec. 16, 1834); after three years spent upon the Mission at St. Inigoes as assistant to Father Carbery, he was appointed Spiritual Father at Georgetown College, where he died, June 26, 1842, in the 73rd year of his age. During the later years of his stay in the United States, his family wrote several letters urging him to return to France. Father Grivel's only answer was, that being a religious and a child of obedience, he would return if he should receive an order to that effect, but that he should never manifest the slightest desire for it, as he did not wish to interfere with the designs of Providence in his regard.

To the Rev. Nicholas Sewall,[1] *Catholic Chapel, Worcester.*

30th May, 1832. Long. East of White Marsh, Meridian at Washington, 0° 20′, lat. N. 38° 59′.

White Marsh, Prince George Co.,
Queen Ann's Post Office, Md.

Reverend and Most Revered Dear Father,
P. C.

The letter of y^r^ Rev., dated the 4th of March, reached our delightful solitude the 5th instant, and, of course, was

[1] Dr. Oliver, in his notice of the late Father Nicholas Sewall, a native of Maryland, but a very eminent member of the English Province, and once its

extremely welcome, not only to me, who am very grateful for your kind remembrance, but to our good Novices, to whom I hastened to impart it. Out of twelve Scholastics, seven are Americans; and they were really proud to hear that the oldest of all living American Jesuits had been pleased to give them his love. I assure you that since then they have prayed very hard for your Rev., according to your request; but be confident that they did not wait for your letter to discharge their duty in that respect; because your late brother, Father Charles Sewall, is very well known, and your family, too. Moreover, they have in the College the two hundred and odd exhortations of Father Charles Plowden, copied in your own hand; consequently, how would it be possible not to know, or to forget, or not to pray for good Fr. Nicholas Sewall?

No doubt, I will remember y^r^ Rev. by and by to all our Fathers in the Eastern Mission of the United States, and especially to Father Francis Neale, the only survivor of all your friends of Liege, in the Society. Rev. Mr. William Matthews is a Liegean, one, too, parish priest at Washington City, and our friend. Fr. Neale is seventy-six years old, and no infirmities, except a shaking in his hands, which prevents him from writing. He is a Missioner at St. Thomas's Manor, near Port Tobacco, goes to the sick calls (in his carriage), says the last Mass, and preaches after Mass almost every Sunday;—and that, after having heard confessions from six

Provincial, who died in the year 1834, aged 89, after speaking of him as a man of regular and retired habits, much given to prayer and mortification, yet always cheerful and obliging, adds: "The progress and prosperity of our holy religion was the object nearest and dearest to his heart, and indeed he had great cause to rejoice, especially when he witnessed the wonderful propagation of the Catholic faith in his native land. When the United States of America were subject to the English rule, the very exercise of the Catholic religion was degraded, proscribed, and persecuted; but no sooner had these States established their independence of the mother country, than they proclaimed universal liberty of conscience, and afforded religion itself fair play. Father Sewall survived to behold Baltimore erected into a Metropolitan See, with eleven suffragan bishoprics. I have heard him say that he remembered the time when the Catholics had not even a *private* room in Baltimore where they were suffered to assemble for prayer; and he lived to see it embellished with a noble Catholic cathedral and seven Catholic parish churches, with bells inviting the numerous faithful to the celebration of their religious rites."—*Records of the English Province*, vol. III, p. 321.

or seven o'clock in the morning; good appetite, cheerful, Professed of three vows. His Church is an elegant one, built by your brother Charles (who is buried there, anno 1805), and blessed by Archbishop Carroll. I was there the winter before the last, to help Father Francis at Christmas. Since last fall and the sickness of seven Novices, the devil has left us in peace, and our noviceship has proceeded very regularly. I expect, from the infinite mercy of Almighty God, that not a single one will leave the noviceship, but all will take the vows. In September eight Scholastics will be sent either to the study-house or to the College, and I will remain with four only. But I was told that four candidates of our College, boys or auxiliaries, are ready to enter the Noviceship,—perhaps six. This supply, and a French priest from Kentucky, who will join us in August with three or four Belgians, who perhaps have already sailed from Antwerp, will make a pretty little novitiate. Pray Almighty God and St. Ignatius to give them perseverance in their design; the Blessed Virgin shall bless us.

I thank very much your Rev. for the good news of Portugal; but for that very reason the infidels will say that Don Miguel is a double and treble monster. I wish the whole of France and of Europe to be filled with such monsters.

White Marsh, formerly called Carroll's Burgh,[1] is situated on a hill about one hundred feet high; on the top is a fine Church of stone, 95 by 36 feet; an organ; here is its shape [A pen picture of the church is given, with the criticism:—'Very bad draught']. Besides the Church, there are frame buildings for twenty Novices and two Missioners, with two spare rooms for guests; kitchen, refectory, stable, an orchard, a garden, nothing else. The top of the hill, which is conveniently planted with trees, may be five hundred feet long and four hundred wide—almost round. Eastward, at the foot of the hill, is a plain, from west to east, half a mile broad, and a mile and a half long, with mead-

[1] About the year 1760, James Carroll went from Ireland with Father John Ashton, bought this estate, was a bachelor, and gave White Marsh to a nephew of his, who was a Jesuit.

ows, fields of tobacco, some wheat, a little more rye, plenty of Indian corn. The soil is too sandy, fit only for tobacco, corn and vineyards; but of the last we have as yet none. By and by we will plant them, and the vines will succeed. Half a mile from the hill, eastward, and over the plain, runs the Patuxent, from north to south, with a good wooden bridge, called Priest's Bridge; it is on the road to Baltimore and Annapolis. White Marsh is fourteen miles from the latter town, thirty-three from the former, twenty-two from Washington westward, twenty-five from Georgetown, seventeen southwest from Upper Marlborough, and eight from Queen Ann southward. It has about four thousand acres, of which one thousand is a very poor sandy soil. We have two farms and one hundred and four slaves, men, women and children. The farms were entirely ruined eight years ago by bad administration; now, Father Aloysius Mudd, who is a good farmer, has paid all the debts — about $10,000—but has not as yet been able to make any fresh improvements. By and by he will drain the low lands along the Patuxent, and have meadows for two hundred head of cattle and fifty horses; he will also build a mill, with three or four stones. When done (but for that he needs a capital of $8,000), White Marsh would have an annual income of $5,000, instead of $2,000, which is the actual revenue in tobacco alone, and besides these $5,000, he will maintain a community of twenty-five religious, the farms, and over one hundred blacks, even with clothes.

I asked Father Mudd about a trial of Cobbett's corn, and of Egyptian wheat. He accepted the offer, with thanks to your Reverence. He said, however, that the latter was tried, as related in the *American Farmer*, without success, but he will try it again. Only as a good procurator, he fears the expense of the freight from England to Baltimore; but, hoping that you will quiet his fears, I pray direct the parcel to E. J. Willson & Snowden, General Commission Merchants and Planters' Agents, No. 4 Bowly's Wharf, Baltimore.

Although I am very well pleased here with the country,

the inhabitants and my office,—or rather offices, being more than half a Missionary, having heard last year more than six hundred confessions of the congregation, and three hundred of our Religious,—nevertheless, I think very often on my friends of Worcester, Stonyhurst and London.

Rev. Father Kenney started from our College of St. Louis, Missouri, about the 25th of April, and arrived at Bardstown, Ky., the 15th of May. There he was to give a retreat to the clergy of the diocese, by invitation of Bishop Flaget, and his Coadjutor, Bishop David; he was, moreover, to inspect there as Visitor, the first beginning of the College of French Jesuits, called by the Bishop, and sent by Father General. There are now only three Priests, but they have written for some seven or eight more from France. The Superior is Father John Peter Chazelle. Fr. Kenney will perhaps give another retreat at Cincinnati, Ohio. He is expected to be at Georgetown about the end of June. *My opinion* is that Fr. Kenney is not to remain in America, but that his presence will be necessary here for two or three years more, especially because it seems probable that the Mission will be very soon erected into a Province, and he, very likely, will be the first Provincial. Archbishop Whitfield is visiting upper Maryland, and will be at White Marsh in June to give Confirmation, and to confer Tonsure and Minor Orders on our Novices. He continues to be very kind to the Society, and is in good health. Protestants are in a great alarm, and enraged against us, especially in Maryland, on account of the rapid progress of Catholicity, which the sectarians cannot prevent. Father Rector of Georgetown will begin next month a large building (cellar, basement, two stories above, and a large garret) one hundred and twenty feet long and thirty broad, to join the new to the old College,—expenses, $20,000. But it will do for two hundred and thirty boarders. Now they have one hundred and twenty-seven, and only two places vacant. Pray for us and our Novices. I am, with great esteem, and regard, Rev^nd^ Father,

Your humble servant in Christ,
FID. GRIVEL, S. J.

Poor old Mr. Wharton is continually tortured by his conscience in his parsonage near Trenton, New Jersey. His cook, a good Irish Catholic woman, fell dangerously sick—no priest at hand. "Although I am now a Parson," says Mr. Wharton to her, "I am a Catholic Priest, and can give you absolution in your case." She made her confession, and he absolved her. Did she die or not, I dont know. The fact is true. We heard it from Mr. Wharton, his nephew, a good Catholic, and a magistrate at Washington City. Pray for poor Mr. Wharton, formerly your fellow-collegian at Liege.

Did the cholera reach Stonyhurst, or sweep away some of our Fathers and Brothers? What do you think of my English?

To the Same.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.
9th July, 1833.

REVEREND AND MOST DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

Being for a few days in this College, to take leave of our Rev. Fr. Visitor and Superior, Fr. Kenney, whom our M. R. Father General recalls to Ireland, I am now able to pay your Rev. my debt for the two very kind letters of July 22, 1832, and January 16, 1833. I say, of course, *mea maxima culpa*, for having been so negligent in discharging my duty of an answer. Now, beginning with the most important affair under Heaven, the salvation of a soul, I could not ascertain whether R. M. Wharton of Burlington, New Jersey, has received your letter of July, 1833. I asked a few days ago the Hon. Mr. Wharton, his nephew, who is living at Washington City; he knows nothing about that. But his uncle is sinking very fast; he has given up preaching. His grand-nephew, the son of our Mr. Wharton, paid him a visit a few weeks ago, as he was passing that way. The old man spoke with him out of the window, and made many difficulties to admit him; however, he did for a night, and the conversation could not fail to be on religion. I think it would be proper to write him again, directing to Burlington, N. J.

2ndly, For Cobbett's Indian corn, and Turkish or Egyptian wheat, I could not prevail on Fr. Al. Mudd to make a trial. His father, grandfather, mother, grandmother, etc., being born in Maryland, he farms as he has seen them farming, as all the neighbors are farming. I could hardly persuade him even to graft some apple trees, etc. In reading, he consults his favorite work, *The American Farmer;* that is his agricultural gospel. Now, there is not a word in it of Douay's Indian corn, or Egyptian wheat; however, I keep your information for better circumstances.

3rdly, I heard nothing about the vineyard of Mr. C. Carroll, of Carrollton; but there are in some places many good vineyards, and in Pennsylvania, a German made a fortune selling his native wine. Fr. Rector of this College planted an acre four years ago, and has succeeded well. We will do the same at the Marsh, and very soon.

4thly, We are accustomed here to the idea of cholera; we make scarcely a difference between it and influenza, or small-pox. It is not at all extinct, and is returning from the West to the East. It has reached the boundaries of Maryland near Wheeling. Rev. W. Byrne, President of St. Mary's Seminary, Lebanon, Washington Co., Ky., where seven French Jesuits and priests are living, died last June of the Cholera in seven hours. He had given two years ago his Seminary, worth $10,000, to Bishop Flaget, for the French Jesuits. Now they are able to teach the schools there—90 boarders and 7 half-boarders. An Irish Jesuit, but belonging to the Province of France, is with them: his name is Mc Guire, an able professor of Natural Philosophy. They are independent of our Province of Maryland, and belong to the French Province. I said *Province of Maryland:* by a decree of our M. R. Fr. General, of the 2nd February, 1833, the Mission of the Eastern United States is erected into a Province, called the Province of Maryland. On the 5th, Fr. Wm. Mc Sherry, a Virginian, was appointed Provincial. Yesterday, he was installed by the Rev. Fr. Visitor, who will leave us to-morrow, and embark the first week of August, at New York for Ireland. The

Mission of Missouri has its own Superior—Fr. de Theux, a Liegean: it is independent of Md. or Ky. The Superior of Kentucky is Fr. J. P. Chazelle. An eighth French Jesuit, Fr. Petit, is vicar of the Cathedral at Bardstown, and preaches well in English. They have a Novitiate; how many novices, I dont know; methinks, four or five, among whom two French priests, forty-one and forty-three years of age, who know English very well. The College of St. Louis, Missouri, has been erected by the Legislature into an University :—75 boarders, and about 40 half-boarders.

5thly, Your prayer against *War*, *Pestilence*, &c, has been printed here, and spread everywhere. The cholera did not reach Prince George, Charles and St. Mary's counties; but at Washington, about 2,000; at Georgetown, not above 400: among them, remarkably few Catholics—only 50 at Georgetown. Thirty Protestants died Catholics; some fifteen recovered, and remained Catholics—at Georgetown, there are 2,500 Catholics; at Washington, four or five thousand.

6thly, Georgetown College is going extremely well. Boarders, 148; half-boarders, 12. Since the dispensation granted by the Pope, of taking *Minerval*, or money, for day scholars in the United States, there is the project in earnest to set up *again* the Seminary at Washington, in the same and very proper place, without any harm for Georgetown College. We are proprietors at Philadelphia of St. Joseph's Church, and of a large, handsome house adjoining it. Two Jesuits took again possession of both, at the entreaties of Bishop Kenrick, and are doing well.

St. Francis Xavier, of whom we had, in the Novena, March 4, 1832, begged six scholastic novices *at least*, sent us ten: Belgians, five; Germans, two; Americans, two; and a Frenchman. Last March, we begged the same.—Now, a German and a Belgian having left last Easter, by want of Vocation, the good St. Francis sent three, a German, a Belgian, and a fine, Irish, talented young man of Derry. Ten of the former Novices having taken their Vows, we are now twelve Scholastics at the Marsh, among whom five Priests,—— four Belgians and a German, —and four good Irish Lay Brothers.

There is nothing remarkable about the increase of Catholicity in the United States. Catholicity is gaining ground without any doubt; this is evident from the frequent challenges made to Catholic Clergymen by the parsons, who seem to be blind to their own interests: or will support their declining influence, and cover up their exposure, by making noise, and raising money for Temperance, Missionary, Tract, Bible, and other Societies. They do a great deal of harm to simpletons, to vain and bigoted ladies. I hope the husbands will stop their expenses in favor of their hypocrite parsons, who are all Deists, or worse. Bishop Fenwick of Boston, in his *Sentinel*, or *The Jesuit*, and seven or eight other newspapers, expose them continually.

I am, respectfully, R. Father,
Yr. most h. serv. in Christ,
FID. GRIVEL.

To the Same.

WHITE MARSH, 31 March, 1834.

REVEREND FATHER,
P. C.

I am very glad to give information to your Rev., that the box with Cobbett's Indian corn arrived safe, and in the best preservation. I received it a few days ago, with your letter of Dec. 30. Fr. Aloysius Mudd having been sent to Newtown, Charles County, where he is now Missioner and Procurator, is succeeded here by Fr. Ignatius Combs, who has not the same prejudices against new things; and he will try Cobbet's corn first in our garden, according to the prescriptions which you were so kind as to send me. Mr. Notley Young, our neighbor, a wealthy and very good Catholic, will make the same trial. I expect others of our Fathers at St. Thomas's Manor and St. Inigoes, that is, FF. Francis Neale and Carbery, will do the same the present year, the season being early, the trees having as yet no leaves. Next year I will try too at Frederick Town, Maryland, where the Novitiate will move in the course of June, and where I beg of you to direct letters for me,—*St. John's Church.*

Frederick is a town of 6,000 inhabitants, like Georgetown. The soil is very rich; they neglect tobacco for wheat and corn. The country is not hilly. However, five miles from the town begins the first line of Alleghany Mountains, and at that place we have fifty-five acres of woodland, with an abundant spring; a frame or log house will be built there for our Villa.

The Society had an establishment at Frederick in the year 1760, four years after Fr. James Pellentz had founded the Mission at Conewago in Pennsylvania, forty miles from Frederick; but it has since improved, not in lands, but importance. Fr. John Mc Elroy, an Irishman, opened a school; now he has a College, with five Professors and ninety students: no boarders as yet. In order to conceive better the matter, I'll draw a clear, although a bad plan of the whole. [The plan represents, with very slight difference, the present state of affairs.] There is a rail-road from Baltimore to Frederick, 63 miles—fare $1.80, and we can get every day fresh fish, oysters, etc., and all the other articles to be found in the largest towns.

Near, but not adjoining our Novitiate, we have two lots —one of four acres, the other of twelve, rich soil for wheat. Fr. Provincial, Wm Mc Sherry, has just now purchased for $6,000 the new house south of the New Church, and the College will be transferred thither; and the Novices will occupy the old house; when the new Church, which is 156 feet long, of stone, in the form of a Latin cross, will be finished, the old one will become our oratory, &c. It is contemplated to build a Seminary or Scholasticate. The old College will be ready in June for the Novices. The school has three stories, and is of brick, as are all the other buildings—grand and nice. Your Reverence conceives the great advantages for the Novitiate to be in a town, for catechizing, visiting the poor-house, prisons, hospitals, etc.

The Province is going on well. I have fourteen Scholastic novices, and among them are three priests; but two of them, and two priests will go next month to Missouri. However, I reckon that St. Francis Xavier will send others in their place.

Unfortunate Wharton died impenitent last August. The Episcopalians, of course, made a great eulogy of him in the newspapers: but Mr. Wharton of Washington, a nephew of the deceased, published a refutation of the Eulogy, deploring the apostasy of his uncle, but in decent and appropriate, not abusive terms.

Fr. Francis Neale is declining by old age, although not sick: he is ten years younger than your Reverence. Please God to keep you in good health, till you join your friends in heaven. Our Novices here are not forgetful of you in their prayers.

I am with great esteem and regard, in union with your prayers and the merits of your sufferings and infirmities,

Reverend Father,
of your Rev. the humble serv't in Xt.
F. Grivel, S. J.

P. S. Although Father J. Mc Elroy built one half of the Novitiate, his school-house for $3,000, the house for the Sisters of Charity (who have now 40 boarders) for $3,000, and his own Church for $20,000,—yet we have no income here; but he is a man of God, and gets in charity every year about $22,000. The Novitiate, however, wants to have a perpetual foundation. Our plantation of Conewago will be united to the Novitiate, with the obligation to support three Missionaries at Conewago.

To Father Joseph Tristram, Worcester, England.

St. Inigoes Manor, Maryland,
March 10, 1835.

Reverend Father Joseph,
P. C.

Finally I'll pay my debt, being ashamed to have delayed nine or ten months. I received your kind letter of March 18, 1834, with the sad news of the demise of our good Father Nicholas Sewall. I have got his parcels of Cobbet's corn: it succeeded very well, spite of the little care taken of it by our procurator at White Marsh, but I saved an ear,

and I will myself see to the planting and cultivation of it, because I have more leisure here, and Fr. Joseph Carbery, our Superior and Procurator, is more partial to European fashions than many others. It is indeed to be wondered at, that the Americans, a new-born nation, are almost as tenacious of their customs, as the Chinese of theirs, three thousand years old. I do not disapprove entirely of it; because every nation must have its own features: but they go too far in many things, especially in farming; and in pronunciation, whilst they profess to conform to Walker's Dictionary, in practice they follow their own way.

I spread as far as I could the painful news of Father Sewall's death, in order to have him recommended to the Holy Sacrifices and prayers of his fellow-Jesuits, friends and relations; and I succeeded.

A fortnight ago I accompanied Father Carbery to Mettapany-Sewall, sixteen miles north of St. Inigoes. We have there a congregation of six hundred communicants (in 1817 there were only one hundred, and Father Carbery made five hundred more, the most part Protestants), with a chapel better than the old one at Stonyhurst. It is called St. Nicholas' *Church.* The Sewalls are great benefactors to it. Mettapany, an Indian name, is situated on a hill on the south side of the Patuxent river, about two miles above its mouth in the Bay of Chesapeake. Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, proprietor of Maryland, grandson of George Calvert, and son of Cecil, had Mettapany his favourite residence from 1662 to 1682, when he returned to England, where he died in 1714, as good a Catholic as his father and grandfather.

But his son, Benedict Leonard Calvert, wishing for the proprietorship of Maryland, which had been taken from his father by William and Mary, to be restored to him, had turned Protestant and was a member of the English Parliament. His charter as lord proprietor was restored to him, instead of heaven, in 1715. In the meantime, Mettapany[1] had become the proprietary of the Jesuits, and they sold it to the Sewalls. The residence of Charles Calvert, which

[1] The spelling varies: Metapawnien—Mettapanient—Mattapany, etc.

was a fort also, had so much decayed, that the grand, or great-grandfather of Father Sewall, had built a fine brick house at a short distance, and in that manor-house Father Sewall was born. Indeed, I walked with delight in the place where our good friend had been playing, and saying his prayers as a child. I regretted he was gone, because he would have been pleased with my details about the place of his birth and baptism. . . . The manor now belongs to Henry Sewall, a grand-cousin of Father Nicholas. The branch of his nephews is living at a short distance, and are very wealthy, too.

Now you will ask me why I am living at St. Inigoes? Because my three years and more of the Mastership of the Novices being elapsed, Father Dzierozynski was appointed in my place. Perhaps I behaved ill; I do not know. Anyhow, I am now companion to Father Joseph Carbery. The business of a Missionary in Maryland is scarcely harder than that of Father Addis at Stonyhurst, except that the roads are worse and sick calls at a greater distance. But we have every comfort of life.

St. Inigoes Manor has a good solid brick house,[1] with twelve rooms. It has about eighty negroes, that is, fifteen families, and three thousand acres of good land, quite flat, and plenty of cattle, poultry, fish, wheat, etc. At this very farm, half a mile from our house, landed, on the 25th or 26th of March, 1634, Lord Cecil[2] Baltimore, with Father Andrew White and four other English Jesuits, and two hundred settlers, all Catholics. The first Mass celebrated in the English colonies of North America having been said on the 25th of March, on St. Clement's Island, now Heron Island, seven miles up from our house, the name of St. Mary was given to the river they sailed up to land and settle. Take a good map of Maryland. Ten or twelve miles above the mouth of the Potomac, and up the Bay of Chesapeake, lies St. George's Island (it belongs to our farm). Sail be-

[1] Destroyed by fire in 1872.

[2] His brother, Leonard Calvert was in command of the expedition. This Lord Baltimore never came to America. There are some other inaccuracies in what follows.

tween it and its eastern shore, and a point east dividing the Bay from St. Mary's river. Sail up to the north five miles. There landed the colony, but for a day or two, on the eastern side of the river. A fort only was built there afterwards, with four cannons brought from England by Lord Baltimore. Later on it was abandoned, and the cannons, rusty and useless, are now in the yard of St. Inigoes Manor as a curiosity. Hearing of an Indian village three miles up St. Mary's river, Yoacomaco, on the eastern side, too, of the river, there the colony finally settled, having purchased from the Indians, who were extremely kind, the village and their land. The Indians retired, as agreed upon, to the north side of the Potomac (Patuxent). The name of Yoacomoco was changed into that of St. Mary's Town. It never had more than sixty houses, but the settlers, and now the Government, call *town* any place where as many houses are as are individuals required to make a riot; that is twenty, as fixed by the Riot Act. The seat of the Government of Maryland having removed to Annapolis about the year 1695, St. Mary's Town contains nothing but a Protestant church and a parson's house. St. Inigoes congregation has five hundred communicants and a good church, and the people in *this* corner are very much like, for faith and singleness, to Lancashire people, but not so in the *whole* of Maryland. Enough of St. Mary's County.

. . . . . Father Francis Neale is keeping his ground. He can say Mass, although with trembling hands, preaches, and rides in his carriage as often as he can; he does not like to be home; always cheerful. He was a laborious Missionary indeed; he remembers your Reverence very well, and begs of you to pray to God for his happy death.

I left to Fr. Francis Dzierozynski twelve scholastic novices and seven good lay-brothers. One novice is a Mexican priest. I think God destines him to establish the Society in Mexico, with Fr. Ildefonso de la Peña, who is at Rome. There are some hopes from the part of the Government of Mexico.—You have read how the Presbyterians here are fanatic and powerful. They procured the shameful acquit-

tal of those who burned the Ursuline Convent at Charlestown, near Boston. They are continually abusing and threatening Catholics. Their motto is: Church (viz: Presbyterian) and State! Blood must be shed.

I recommend myself to your holy prayers and sacrifices.

Yr. Obed^{t}. Serv^{t}. in Xisto,

FID. GRIVEL, S. J.

MISSIONARY LABORS OF FATHER MAGUIRE AND COMPANIONS,

FROM APRIL 24TH TO JUNE 5TH, 1881.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—New Haven is one of the handsomest cities in the country. The private residences are mostly detached, standing in court-yards beautifully adorned with fruit trees and shrubbery. Probably, in no other city are to be found so many and such lofty elms. From the great abundance of these trees New Haven has been familiarly denominated the "City of Elms."

New Haven is more celebrated for its literary advantages, and for the intellectual and moral character of its citizens. Yale College is situated here, and adds much to the importance of the city. Six Catholic Churches, well provided with parochial schools, meet the spiritual wants of the faithful.

Rev. John Cooney is the pastor of St. John's Church, where we opened a Mission on the 24th of April, and finished on the 8th of May. The Church, though large, was not able to contain all who flocked to the Mission from every part of the city. Several Protestants came, especially to the lecture delivered the last night. Three converts were baptized, and others left with the Pastor for further instruction. Five thousand persons received Communion. Twenty grown persons were prepared for the sacraments. Many who had been away from their duty for twenty and

thirty years returned to the Church and found mercy from God. The people manifested great faith, and gave much consolation to the Fathers.

Frs. Maguire, McAtee, Keating and Schiffini gave the exercises. The last mentioned came on from Fordham for three days for the benefit of the Italians in the congregation. He preached to them several times, and did much good amongst them.

St. Mary's, Rochester, N. Y. (April 24—May).—Rochester is situated on the Genesee, a turbid stream, whose falls, ninety feet in height and a quarter of a mile in width, are in the heart of the city, and give it a very picturesque appearance. Visitors never fail to see them, if not for the view, at least in memory of Sam Patch, who took his last and fatal leap here. Seven miles away, the river, after another fall of seventy feet, empties into Lake Ontario, an inland sea. Rochester must be a beautiful city at all seasons of the year, on account of its magnificent residences for the upper classes, and its clean, airy homes for the poor. Every family has a house to itself, detached from its neighbors, with a plot of ground about it. There are no tenements reeking with filth, over-crowded dens, where drunkenness and impurity are apt to have full sway. The business part of the city is also quite interesting. During spring the city is at its best, and whilst walking along its wide and level streets, through miles of palatial residences, one forgets that he is in a town only seventy years old. From preconceived ideas concerning Rochester, its Bible and Masonic troubles, its Spirit Rappings, its Woman's Rights and various isms too numerous to mention, we expect more of Sparta and less of Athens.

Frs. Fulton, Reid and Morgan were appointed for this Mission by Very Rev. Fr. Provincial. The weather was favorable during the two weeks spent in the work. The backward spring, so much regretted by the farmers and business men, had great advantages for missionary labors, inasmuch as the intense heat was avoided. With our crowded

and badly ventilated churches, the usual high temperature of May would have been a serious inconvenience to the missionaries, and a positive drawback to the good undertaking.

St. Mary's is an old congregation. Several Missions have been given within the last ten years. The Fathers were not but agreeably surprised, when they saw that God was blessing their toilings by bringing to confession crowds of hardened sinners, who had passed through other Missions unscathed, who had not been near a church for five, ten and twenty years. Some thought this happy turn of affairs was due to the fact that the Fathers were not so hard in their views. Certainly, a great deal is to be attributed to the zeal of the pastor, Fr. Stewart, in advertising the retreat in every possible way. He requested those that knew of bad Catholics in the parish to inform him. This was done. The backsliders were called upon, and induced to come to the sermons. When they go this far, they end by making a good confession. No matter how the good was brought about, all are thankful for the result.

The Bishop of the diocese, Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, gave the missionaries every assurance of his good will, bestowing on them the amplest faculties, and encouraging them by his kind attentions. On the last day of the retreat, after singing Pontifical Mass, he remained until the afternoon, and administered Confirmation to thirty grown persons prepared during the exercises. The most favorable impression made by the Rev. Father of the Society, the first of his Order to do so, who gave the retreat to the Bishop and clergy last September, may explain the present kindness. The diocese of Rochester is well governed and in a flourishing condition, with its churches, convents and asylums, with its schools for nearly every parish. Absolution is withheld from those who send their children to the public schools. And yet the debts of the diocese will be paid in two or three years. What a lesson for older and richer dioceses, where so little has been done for Catholic education, where the usual charities are so poorly attended

to, where whole generations, perhaps, have been lost to the faith.

St. Mary's, Boston (May 13—June 4).—This church was dedicated, May 22nd, 1836. At that time, Catholics were very few in the North End. A small church was amply sufficient for the congregation. A priest, the Rev. William Wiley, coming over on Sunday from the Cathedral on Franklin street, could do all the work. Now fifteen priests with five churches scarcely satisfy the wants of the thirty thousand Catholics who have dislodged the Puritans from their ancient stronghold, where old Lyman Beecher used to pour forth his envenomed harangues against the Faith. A few crumbling monuments, like the tombstones in Copps Hill graveyard, where the virtues of Cotton Mather and his tribe are recorded, the names of some streets give the only evidence of what once was. And is not this an index of what is to be in these parts, the survival of the fittest? Other priests followed Fr. Wiley as residents pastors at St. Mary's: Rev. P. O'Beirne, Michael Healy, Thomas J. O'Flaherty, John B. Fitzpatrick, and Patrick Flood. The congregation, meanwhile, increased too rapidly for the size of the church, which, like all of the old churches, was built in such a way, that it could not be enlarged. It was a usual thing to see the church so crowded at the Sunday Masses, that hundreds of good people were obliged to kneel in the street. A crowd, however, is not always made up of saints. There were factions; the pastor and his assistants could not agree together; hence division, trouble, and even blows, and, unfortunately, not in the street, did the admirers of the rival clergy settle their differences. Paul, and Apollo, and Cephas, had their defenders even before the altar. This was the state of affairs in 1847, when the Bishop, Rt. Rev. John B. Fitzpatrick, gave the parish to the Society. Brother John Lynch, still a member of the Community, took possession of the premises on the feast day of Blessed Alphonsus, Oct. 30, and Father John Mc Elroy came on the day following and was installed as pastor. The place demanded virtue, tact, and prudence. These were not wanting in Father Mc-

Elroy. In a short time, all the troubles were forgotten; the factions died out. Soon the confidence and affection of the people were gained, and, as the writer was once told by a worthy secular priest, a new era was begun for Catholicity in New England. Then were laid the foundations of great works, to which now in their completeness we can point with pride and gratitude. The first care of Fr. Mc Elroy was the Catholic education of the children. He had had the honor of establishing the first Catholic free school of the country in Frederick, Maryland, nearly sixty years ago; it may be said that he was the first to put Christian education on a good basis in Boston. To aid him in this great labor, so necessary for the future of the Church, he engaged the Sisters of Charity, who were afterwards succeeded by the Sisters of Notre Dame (de Namur) from Cincinnati. These excellent and pious teachers came, three in number, Nov. 13th, 1849. It was thought by many they should have to return to the West, as a Catholic school could never meet with success. What do thirty-two years tell? That the Sisters of Notre Dame are numbered by hundreds in Massachusetts. The thousands of girls now under their charge in the state, and the thousands of mothers of families, who owe their attachment to holy faith, and the practical observance of its duties, to the lessons taught them by the good Sisters, show how Catholic schools can prosper. Nearly every parish school for girls in Massachusetts is conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame.

Nothing had as yet been done for the boys—a fatal mistake, so often noticed in New England, as if boys do not need more help than girls, to cling to their holy religion. A cruel teacher in the public school, much against his will, no doubt, was the apostle of the boys. He had severely flogged a Catholic youth for refusing to recite the Protestant version of the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments. A suit was brought against the teacher, but he was acquitted. The outcome of the consequent excitement was the establishing of a Catholic school by Rev. Fr. B. F. Wiget, in 1859. An association was formed for the support of the

great work; each member of the union contributed monthly, twenty five cents. From that day to this, the undertaking has gone on. Now eight hundred boys attend the classes in the large school-building, bought from the city a few years ago. One of the canvassers, Mr. Wall, the father of the youth mentioned above, has collected for the association nearly a hundred thousand dollars in the last twenty-two years. And yet it was said that a Catholic school must fail in Boston.

In course of time, Fr. Mc Elroy undertook to put into execution the plan entertained by the Bishop from the beginning, the building of another church with a college connected with it. The "Jail Lands," so called, were bought from the city for the purpose; but, when the bigots found out what was to be done with the property, difficulties were raised concerning the title. At the suggestion of Honorable Alexander Rice, the Mayor of Boston, Fr. Mc Elroy chose another site in a different and, at that time, a less inviting part of the city. The church and college were built by 1860. No one regrets the result of the bigotry, shown by the "City Fathers" twenty years ago. The Governor of the state (the same gentleman who had induced Fr. Mc Elroy to make the change of site) had every reason, whilst speaking at the Commencement of Boston College three years ago, to say that he felt proud of the part he had in the compromise. St. Mary's congregation, after contributing most liberally towards the new buildings, were left to themselves. By means of chapels in the school-houses, the people heard Mass and received instruction every Sunday. But this state of things could not last. Land was bought and a new church, to be one of the largest and finest in New England, was begun by Rev. R. W. Brady, in 1875; it was dedicated Dec. 8th, 1877, and is now known as St. Mary's of the Sacred Heart. A large and commodious pastoral residence was erected on the foundation of the old church. The little Community of 1847, has also grown meanwhile: ten Fathers, including the four missionaries, four Brothers, two externs now reside here.

During the first years that the parish was in the hands of Ours, the Communions, though the parish was twice as large in numbers as it is now, were twenty thousand a year, one for each soul in the congregation. Last year, the Communions were a hundred thousand, an average of ten for each person. This happy and astounding increase is due to the schools and sodalities. The first sodality, that of the Young Ladies, was formed March, 1853. But sodality work was in its infancy until Nov. 13th, 1856, when Fr. Wiget began the Young Men's Sodality. Sixteen young men were enrolled as postulants on that day: and amongst the names are those of three, now Fathers in the Society. Soon the church was too small for the meetings. Divisions and subdivisions were made in course of time, and to-day nearly four thousand members are enrolled in the various sodalities. The boys and the girls in the schools; the married men; the unmarried men; the married women; the unmarried women, all have their sodalities. As the necessity arises from age or marriage, members are transferred from one society to the other. All the sodalists receive Holy Communion once a month. On the last day of the Mission there was a grand reunion of the sodalities in the church. The members felt proud of the occasion, and listened with enthusiasm to the eloquent address of Father Maguire, the leader of the missionary band, who congratulated them upon the blessing God had bestowed on them, and on others, through their good example. "Twenty-five years ago," said he, "the sodality was a mere handful; now you have on to four thousand members. Twenty-five years ago there were but three sodalities in the state, now scarcely a parish is without one, through the example you have set." To form an idea of the good done by the sodality among the men, it should be told that twelve hundred of them, half of whom nearly were unmarried, went in procession this year, to make the visits to the churches for the Jubilee. It was one of the most edifying sights ever witnessed in Boston. Still, many priests find, or make, difficulties in conducting sodalities. It is true, that there is some trouble attached to

them: they must be watched, nursed for a long time. The director must take great interest in them, else they may go down. And this is especially true in regard to the Young Men. The present large sodality (420 members) would vanish in a year, unless the greatest care were taken with it. Fr. Byrne, under whose guidance the Young Men's Sodality is at present, has formed the Young Men's Sodality Association, in order to attract them. The members meet every evening for amusement in the hall of the boys' schoolhouse; here they read, play games, go through gymnastic exercises, and, on occasions, give dramatic readings and entertainments, and good ones, too, for their friends of the outside world. There is no telling the good effect of this association upon its three hundred and thirty-five members, who are kept from the street, and the evil companions always to be found there.

All the good work done at St. Mary's, the enormous increase in the Communions must not be given entirely to the schools and the sodalities. The Confraternity of the Sacred Heart, whose membership has almost been trebled within the last four years by the zeal of its director, Fr. Hamilton, the Confraternity of the Scapular, the Conference of St. Vincent, an occasional Temperance Society, have all had a good share in the work. If we examine, we shall find that sodalists make up the rank and file of these confraternities; this is true, particularly, in regard to the four thousand associates in the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart. I only attempt to account for the increase of communicants.

The mission at St. Mary's lasted three weeks. For the first time the Fathers undertook so lengthy a one. FF. Maguire, McAtee, Holland, Keating, and Morgan, gave the exercises. Without the assistance of the Fathers of residence they could not have heard much more than half of the confessions.

It was an experiment, and the success attending it may cause a repetition of it elsewhere. The first week was for women, married and single. Of course, the church was thronged every evening; this was to be looked for. The

second week, for married men, was very good. But the third week for young men; did they come also and show the greatest interest in every thing regarding their spiritual welfare? They did, and what is more, took upon themselves the whole management of the services; they were proud of the event, and were ambitious to show that they could value highly a mission, and did not need the married men to help in anything, not even in taking up, or, as some say, lifting, the collection. They came far better than the married men; more of them went to confession. In the general good effected, the young men's week was the best mission. More recruits for the sodality were gathered in than from the married men. And yet it was feared the experiment might be a failure.

The children were not neglected; separate services were had for them every afternoon, the girls coming the first week, the boys, the second. At the end of the Mission, many children received First Communion, and two hundred were confirmed. Altogether, the Fathers were never better pleased with their work than during these three weeks. The results were: Communions, 12,000; First Communion of adults, 44; Confirmation, 108; Baptisms, 12, with several candidates left under instruction. New members for the sodalities: from the young men, 142; married men, 50; unmarried women, 160; married women, 120. The work from April 24 to June 5 was: Communions, 21,000; First Communions of adults, 17; Baptisms of adults, 15, of children, 2; Confirmation of adults, 158.

Some persons think missionaries have an *à priori* way of getting at figures, and a *couleur de rose* method of describing events. As far as the writer of these sketches is concerned, he does his best by actual count to obtain correct numbers; is, by no means, poetical in fancy, and his statements, perhaps, are not up to the mark, rather than beyond it. With this preamble he closes the report of this year by giving the general results.—A. M. D. G.

Communions, 103,153; First Communion of adults, 380;

Baptisms of adults, 117, of children, 30; Confirmations, 901.

Protestants were left under instruction in various places, for Baptism. J. A. M.

The mission at WESTPORT, CONN., begun April 23d, lasted a week. There are six hundred communicants in the parish. All received the Sacraments with but few exceptions, and these were found among some local statesmen and publicans. The proprietor of a tavern, who kept a Sunday-night rendezvous for young people, was refused absolution, unless he would post a notice outside his canteen that hereafter his place would be closed on Sundays. After some hesitation, and a long sigh for the shekels he was about to lose, he consented. This gave great edification, for his establishment had been a scandal to all for miles around.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart is practised with great fervor by these simple country folk, who had the satisfaction of seeing a beautiful Munich statue erected, after the Mission, with becoming ceremonies. The pastor has caused Fr. Tickell's *Life of Blessed Margaret Mary* to be distributed among his people.

The next Mission was given in JERSEY CITY, at St. Bridget's. A Mission had been preached a year ago by FF. Strong and Morgan, and this one was intended as a sort of gleaner. Fr. Bradley lent an efficacious hand to help on the good work. So also did FF. Cunningham and Smith of our College, which is near by. These good Fathers deserve thanks for their timely aid. Nor was it forgotten that this service was done after they had taught five hours to their classes. They remained in the confessional till long after eleven at night. The services were held at 5 and 8 o'clock A. M. and at 3.30 and 7.45 P. M.

Fr. Bradley had some converts in hand, but I forget how many. Seven hundred confessions were heard, and iron-clad pledges given to some of the neighboring sugar-house men.

The five o'clock Mass and instruction was well attended by men, notwithstanding the drizzel and fog that greeted their awakening eyes every morning. This church is in the malarial district. It is bounded on the north by the "Jersey City Rag Factory"—one block away, on the south by a dismal swamp across the street, on the east by a primary school and on the west by a dumping-ground. It may not be out of place to say here that the druggist's bill for quinine, furnished to pastor and assistant from August to January, amounted to forty-seven dollars. There was none of it left when we arrived there.

Fairfield, Conn. was the scene of the next work, May 29th. There are eight hundred Catholics there.

The usual Mission regulations were announced at High Mass of the opening Sunday. Some difficulty was found in getting the men to attend the five o'clock services, on account of the onion crop, which requires constant attention, caused by the rapid growth of the weeds. With little attention thirteen harvests of these may be raised in a season. An acre of onions gives a profit of five or six hundred dollars in the New York market. The proprietors can afford to pay two dollars and a half per day to men and even boys, who are known as weeders. All day long these may be seen on their knees, like the Egyptians of old, prostrate before this immoral vegetable, trying to preserve it. What was to be done? If they did not come to Mass on account of weeding, they were too tired at night for more kneeling. The Missioner is preaching to the good old people, who did not need him. The matter was quietly arranged during the night of the second day, by a copious and generous rain, which, having thoroughly drenched the furrows, doggedly resolved itself into Scotch mist for two days more. This straightened up the weeders, who afterwards attended the exercises until the confessions were heard. With the help of neighboring secular priests, five hundred were able to go to Communion. Some vocations to the religious state were met and laid over for a year's consideration.

The notice of this Mission would not be complete without reference to an extraordinary incursion of mosquitoes, which sorely annoyed priest and people. Besides, it was not their time to come. Nothing so completely upsets human nature, as the persistent hum of a mosquito, who seems willing to die a martyr, if he can only light on your nose or bald head.. If your tongue can use guileless words under such circumstances, and not resort to expletives which are heated by the fires of a quick temper, you are a proper candidate for a missionary life, or the superintending of a Sunday-school.

From Fairfield I went to the WARWICK MOUNTAINS, a spur of the Blue Ridge, which sets its back up in Western New York. The Mission opened there on Trinity Sunday. It was the first one preached to these good people, who had never seen a Bishop, and who reminded me of the Ephesians mentioned in Acts xix. 3, who did not know if there was a Holy Ghost. The Sacrament of Confirmation had never been administered to them.

At PINE ISLAND, twenty-three miles further west from my first stoppage, I found fifteen families who do not go to Mass at all, and among whom there are lads and lassies of sixteen and eighteen without Baptism.. As the place I went to was an out Mission, I was quite alone, the pastor being obliged to be in another part of his forty-mile parish. The consequence was that I had a taste of shanty life, eating and sleeping under the hospitable roof of Mr. Defly, a mile away from the chapel. During the night it often occurred to me that his babies ought to have been a mile away from the shanty. *Exaltationes Dei in gutture eorum.* One of these interesting babies was afflicted with sore eyes, and the mother had settled it that I was to work a miracle. I left her a huge crock of St. Ignatius' water for that purpose, and for the purposes of other babies.

Let me say a word about this good woman. She is the daughter of one Gray, a Marylander, who was in Georgetown College fifty years ago. The old man migrated towards these mountains, neglected his religion, and brought

up his children Protestants. Being reduced in circumstances, they left him, and "hired out" among farmers. My hostess often noticed one of her fellow-servants, an Irish girl, going on her knees at night, and reading from a book that she always kept in her pocket. Upon asking to be permitted to see the book, she was answered that it wasn't "for the likes of you Protestants." Miss Gray, with that curiosity that is sometimes remarked in her sex, managed to obtain it, and the result was her conversion some time afterwards. She was baptized on the day of her marriage to mine host Defly, a thoroughbred Celt.

Determined to reclaim her old father, she set about it with such earnestness that she has the happiness of knowing that he goes to confession often during the year. He is now eighty-four years old. It might be proper to say, for the honor of Georgetown, that although Gray went through its classes, it was always after the boys had vacated them for the day.

The Mission was well attended. Quite a number of lukewarm Catholics were reclaimed. Whole number of confessions heard amounted to a hundred and sixty. The Baptist minister, Mr. Litchfield, attended the evening services two or three times, and seemed to be pleased with everything but the "smoke up at the head of the Church." He meant the incense. The people never witnessed Benediction before, which was given every evening, the celebrant acting as cantor and choir as well. I left the Warwick Catholics to go to another station, Monroe, thirty-five miles distant. Mass and Mission services were held in the large room of a dwelling-house. The native youth was unable to serve Mass, which obliged me to do without him. Archbishop Corrigan came up to administer Confirmation to about forty adults and children. A lad, John Barrett, when asked what name he would take, replied, "O." "That is not a saint's name," he was told. "Perhaps you would prefer Mac." "No," he answered, "I only want one letter." We gave him it with *Toole* added for euphony and protection. Seventy-five confessions were heard here in three days. Near-

ly all were enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular of Mt. Carmel. One convert, who had been under instruction, was baptized.

The pastor of ASBURY PARK, N. J., has about a hundred and fifty souls to answer for there, which made him think that a little Mission would do them some good, at the same time that it might be of benefit for his legion of Methodist brethren. More of these than of the others attended, only fifty-three confessions having been heard.

This town, five miles south of Long Branch, and facing the ocean, is owned by a Mr. Bradley, a devoted Methodist. Forty-five years ago his father pulled across the bay from Staten Island, to have this bad boy baptized in St. Peter's R. C. Church of Barclay St. The son fell away from the faith some time after, and, in course of time, becoming rich, had his possessions mapped out into town lots, upon which are erected cottages for summer boarders, who are, for the most part, Methodists. The Catholics being for a long time without a priest, have fallen away from the practices of their religion, and have no hesitation in going to camp-meeting, if not as an act of religion, at worst, to see what they call *the fun.*

After preaching to slim audiences for three days at Asbury Park, I went to MORRISVILLE, N. J., eighteen miles away. As far as can be learned, all in this scattered place went to the Sacraments during the Mission of three days. One hundred and sixty confessions were heard, and some First Communions given. Mass at five, followed by an instruction, with sermon in the evening. There being no priest's house here, I took very lonesome sleeps in the sacristy of the rickety old chapel, trying betimes to keep out of my mind all the ghost stories I had ever heard. The sacrifice which these good people made in order to attend the evening instruction, was very gratifying and consoling. This being the haying season, they work from dawn till dusk, and then, many of them having to walk three miles, they prepared to start for the Mission. The service was

put off till late in the evening on their account; added to this, their patience in waiting their turn for confession no doubt gained for them many blessings from Almighty God.

NEW MEXICO.

HOLY WEEK AT SAN MIGUEL.

A description of the peculiar ceremonies of Holy Week, according to the ancient customs of the country.

By Mr. John A. Chester, S. J.

American institutions have changed some of the most pleasing features of this country. From the day when Gen. Kearney, at the head of his sixteen hundred bronzed warriors, rode into the ancient town of Santa Fè, and, hoisting the Stars and Stripes over the crumbling adobe palace of the governor of the country, proclaimed the region property of the United States, many of the time-honored and purely Mexican, or rather Spanish, customs have disappeared from the land. Even the indigenous costumes of the *Caballeros* and *Vasqueros*, the institution of *Deonage*, many of the ceremonials of the Church, and a number of other features foreign to eastern folks, have gradually retired across the line to Old Mexico, before the influence of American zeal, which is always inimical—more aggressively destructive than those who are not witnesses of it can readily understand—to everything not square-toed and of daily life. This decadence of the old customs, and disappearance of the ancient life and landmarks, has been going on slowly, but surely, during the past three or four decades; but the last two or three years have given a new impetus to the movement, by the introduction of railroads, and the opening up of the many rich mines of gold and silver with which all the mountainous districts, that is, all the country, abound. The Church has had to suffer from the influx of

strangers that these enterprises have brought. The "Almighty Dollar" is the only god recognized by these seekers after wealth, and every form of religion that would put a curb on their unruly passions is hateful to them, but above all, that of Rome. Wherever this horde of destructionists has called a halt, whether in mining-camps or railroad centre, many of the former sacred rites have to be set aside, or confined to the interior of the churches, in order to conciliate the strangers, and render them less hostile to a form of worship seldom, if ever, seen before. Nevertheless, in settlements situated in the interior, distant from this stranger influence, some of the ancient ceremonies are still carried out in full. Among those that yet exist is that of Holy Week, a description of which, as it was observed this year in the little town of *San Miguel*, I purpose giving here. This town is located about thirty-six miles to the south of Las Vegas, on the line of the railroad, yet far enough removed from it to form a distinct settlement from the one that is now springing up by its side, under the name of *Pecos*. It may be of interest to remark here that all the railroad companies that have entered the territory during the past few years, have avoided with studious care all the crumbling towns inhabited by a purely Mexican population, skirting them, however, so that they might form a nucleus for another and more enterprising one of their own making, an end they have, in mostly every case, succeeded in accomplishing. The population of this town, of more than a century's existence, scarcely numbers five hundred, and is made up almost entirely of Mexicans, only a few Americans residing here for the purpose of barter. Spanish is the only tongue understood here, except among the few Americans, who speak their own language and observe their own customs, rarely, if ever, intermingling with the natives. Here, as in some parts of the Orient, two nationalities live side by side, yet keep themselves entirely distinct in language and customs. There is not a single two-story or frame building in the whole settlement, frame structures being but illy adapted to a country such as this, where the

climate is so dry that the danger of fire is greatly augmented, and besides, lumber is scarce and costly, whilst dried mud is cheap and easily obtained. Hither, during the Holy Week just passed, gathered all the religiously inclined Mexicans of the Territory, for this was the only place where the ancient ritual was fully observed this year, swelling the number of its population to more than twice its usual proportions. It was a matter of surprise to me at first to understand where and how they found accommodations, there being no hotels in the town; but the solution of the difficulty was easy enough to me, when I saw with what indifference whole families of ten or twelve accommodated themselves to a room scarcely ten feet square. This is their ordinary manner of living, I am told, whole families of from ten to twenty persons residing in one apartment barely large enough for two persons. Two of the Fathers from the College were sent to assist the pastor, a zealous French priest, as are all the secular clergy of this archdiocese, in carrying out the ancient rubrics. The opening exercise was held at seven o'clock P. M. on Wednesday, one of the Fathers delivering a discourse on the "Precious Blood" shed by our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane the evening before His Passion. In the middle of the church a statue representing our Saviour, covered with an imitation of blood, was arranged, with that of an Angel, kneeling, and holding in uplifted hand a cup, to catch the precious drops as they flowed from His sacred body. The people stood or knelt around the statues,—the churches in this country not being encumbered by pews,—and listened to the preacher, who tried to inspire them with compassion and sorrow for the heavy sufferings of their God and Redeemer. At the end of the discourse, a procession was formed, headed by the women, the men bringing up the rear, close to the statue, which is borne on the shoulders of four robust men, around the plaza in front of the church;—a plaza without a church facing it would be an anomoly in this country. In this order the entire circle is traversed, whilst the choir chants hymns appropriate to the occasion. When they enter the

church again, the preacher finishes his sermon and dismisses them till the hour of Mass on the following day. No sermon is delivered then; it is postponed till the evening, when a discourse on the "Capture" of Jesus by the servants of the High Priest is offered for their consideration. Just before the preacher ascends the pulpit, a statue of our Lord is borne into the middle of the church by twelve men, dressed as the Apostles are supposed to have been arrayed on that night, who, after they have placed the statue in position, retire to some distance, and one of them, who assumes the role of Judas, withdraws himself from the rest and goes outside, where those who represent the priests and soldiers are stationed. The sermon, in the meantime, has been begun; at a given signal, the soldiers armed with pikes, muskets, etc., enter, headed by Judas, and advance up the church till they arrive near the statue, when the preacher asks them: "*A quien quereis?*" "Whom do you seek?" and they answer in a loud tone: "*A Jesús Nazareno!*" "Jesus of Nazareth." The priest then answers: "*Aqui le teneis!*" "Behold, he is here!" and they immediately fall to the floor, where they remain till they are told to rise. Then he who represents Judas steps up to the statue of our Lord and kisses it, whilst the Jews crowd around it, and put a rope about its neck preparatory to leading it away. The sermon is again continued from where it was left off, and, at the end, a procession is formed, and passes over the same route as on the preceding evening. A drummer and fifer lead it, however, and the statue of our Lord is carried in the centre of the Jews, who seem to heap all kind of insults upon it. I forgot to mention, that the Captain of the Jews is mounted on a large black horse, accompanied by two servants, who keep up with him by clinging to the saddle on either side, and at the same time urge the poor animal forward by means of large whips, which they carry in their hands. In this manner, they again enter the church, where, after certain prayers prescribed by the ritual are recited, the people are dismissed till 7 o'clock, when they come together

to listen to a discourse on the "Imprisonment." In a corner of the church an imitation prison is erected and the statue of Jesus is placed therein chained to a huge pillar, and surrounded by armed men and others bearing chains, whips, etc. The preacher recalls the circumstances, as narrated in the Gospel, and the soldiers buffet the statue, striking it with the chains and whips, and making a most unearthly noise. At the end of the sermon, a procession is again arranged, and follows the same course as in the two former, with the same attendants: but as it is now night all are supplied with *ocote*,—resinous, pine splinters—which burn with a bright light.

The next ceremony, that of the Three Falls, takes place immediately after the "Adoration of the Cross" on Good Friday. Two processions are formed — one, of the men, which goes by one side of the plaza, carrying with them the statue of our Lord loaded with the cross and surrounded by armed Jews and executioners, who bear whips and other instruments of torture,—the other, of women, who march by the other side, having with them the statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. John and also a young girl, selected from among the congregation, robed, as pictures tell us the Blessed Veronica was, bearing a white cloth wherewith to wipe the face of the suffering Saviour. In the centre of the plaza, a temporary platform is erected, and when the two wings of the procession have arrived within about fifty feet of it, a halt is ordered, and the preacher mounted on the platform narrates the doleful history of the Falls of our Lord, making some apposite reflections on each. When he announces the first Fall, the statue of our Saviour is inclined towards the ground, and the people advance a few steps; at the second, it is still further inclined; and at the third, drops on the ground, or rather against the raised platform; then the statues of the B. V. Mary and St. John are brought close up to it, and the Veronica comes forward and wipes the face of our Lord; the sermon is then finished, and the procession returns to the church, the women in the lead.

In the evening, towards the hour of three, the "Crucifixion" is preached in the church. A large purple veil is drawn across the altar, behind which a cross has been raised with an image of Jesus nailed thereon. After recounting the facts of our Lord's Crucifixion, the preacher cries out in a loud voice: *Murió Jesús* (Jesus has died): the veil is torn in two, and the cross bearing the dead Jesus is displayed to the gaze of the worshippers. Then some young men robed in albs come in from the sacristy, bearing ladders, hammers and ropes, and prepare to take down the body from the cross, whilst the sermon continues. The nails which bound the statue to the cross are removed, and given to the maidens, who are dressed in white, and supposed to represent the pious women that attended at the Crucifixion, and the statue is lowered and placed in the arms of a statue of Mary Most Sorrowful. Finally, the statue of our Lord is placed on a bier, and the ordinary procession is inaugurated.

The sixth exercise, that claims the attention of the faithful, is a sermon on the Sorrows of Mary. Close to the tomb of our Saviour which is erected in the centre of the church, a statue of Mary clothed in black, and surrounded by four or five maidens to represent the holy women, who accompanied the Blessed Virgin during that sorrowful period, is arranged, and the preacher with his eyes fixed on this group endeavors to move the people to compassion for her sufferings. It does not require a great effort to effect this, as the devotion to "Mary Most Sorrowful" is a favorite devotion of the Mexican people. A procession is again formed and the same track is gone over, but now as our Lord is dead and enclosed in the tomb, the statue of Mary is also carried. This closes the exercises of this day. On the following morning a solemn Mass is celebrated, the tomb remains in the same position as on the preceding day, but is guarded by a band of armed men and their captain. At the intoning of the "Gloria," the stone which guards the entrance is suddenly rolled back, discovering a statue of the Angel Gabriel, and the linens that enshrouded the dead body of

the Crucified Saviour. Jesus has risen gloriously from the tomb. At the same time, the soldiers, who had been guarding the sepulchre, throw aside their arms, helmets and spurs, and the captain jumping over the altar railing seizes the censer and continues as Acolythe during the rest of the Mass. There is no procession after this ceremony, which concludes the exercises of this holy season; the remainder of the time being devoted to the confessional and preparation for the great feast of the morrow.

These ceremonies, however puerile and absurd they may appear to persons imbued with modern ideas of religion, are of great efficacy among a race of people who have been educated from their earliest years to consider them the most sacred forms of their worship. Their usefulness has been proven by the number of persons who flock to the confessional during their performance, and the multitude of sinners, who have been separated from their church for years, brought again within the fold. How long these and similar observances will continue to keep a foothold in this country, where a foreign race whose very presence breeds immorality and infidelity is crowding out the nation, is a problem difficult of solution. We can but shrug our shoulders in imitation of the Mexican and murmur: "*Quien sabe?*" "Who knows?"

TEXAS.

Letter from Father Garesche.

SEGUIN, TEXAS,
July 10, 1881.

REV. DEAR FATHER,
P. C.

I was sent to this State in March 1879, in the hope that my health, impaired by a three years residence in Milwaukee might be improved by a sojourn in the South. In two weeks most of the symptoms of an incipient paralysis were abated, and by the month of July, I was thought capable of giving some country missions in Lavaca County. This county is south of what is called Sunset Route, the railway between Houston and San Antonio.

I was told by my Superior that the pastor wanted a mission; it never occurred to me that the plural number was what he meant. I took the railway to Flatonia, where the pastor awaited me with his buggy and horses. So seldom is a single horse used here in harness that the roads in the country are all worn into a double track. Father Forrest, the worthy priest of Halletsville, took me to his little church three miles south of that place. We had to journey eighteen miles across a prairie, for the most part undulating, called *hog wallow*. Now and then the road would be cut by a new fence which seemed in no way to surprise him as he would look for some little tracks to the right or the left, and turn the obstacle. There are three classes of roads in Texas, according to law. The first road may not be closed in, the second may be closed in, but with a gate for travellers, the third has no rights which a Texan need respect. I have seldom travelled on a road of the first class. In Refugio County I lately journeyed for eighteen miles on a road which led across two ranges (cattle farms) to a third,

where we stopped. We had therefore three gates to open, the ranges averaging twenty-four miles square.

Arrived at the church, I found a frame building about fifty by twenty-five feet, from which that very evening we removed every window sash. There could be no danger of rain, for there is always a drought at this season, and the heat would have been otherwise unendurable. Our residence was one lower room in a log farm-house of which the other, with an intervening hall was occupied by a saintly German family of farmers. The women *did* for us in Teutonic style, the table being rich in grease and vinegar. The upper story or attic embraced likewise two rooms, and this building once claimed to be the first Catholic college in West Texas!

The mission exercises were at 9 A. M. and at 4 P. M, but after the morning sermon a young Bohemian priest translated the instruction for the benefit of a large concourse of Catholics of that nationality, whose orange, purple, red and green dresses and kerchiefs, were enough to give inflamation of the eyes to a blind man. Those who understood English were descendants of Missouri or Kentucky Catholics, and there were but few Irish names to be found. Their piety was not demonstrative but solid, and they came some of them from twelve to sixteen miles to make the mission. Some few left their farms to care for themselves, and camped out nearly the whole week. It was a singular thing to me this preaching to a purely American congregation. I felt the loss of the Celtic sympathy and enthusiasm of faith, which in Missions at the North react upon the preacher so as actually to make him eloquent in nature's despite.

The thermometer was, during the greater part of the week, high up in the nineties, but the nights, which I passed upon the floor with doors and windows open, were cool and refreshing. Here I began to make acquaintance with Texan rusticity, which knows little of conventional refinement. They are for the most part a silent but hospitable people, but they have little notion of privacy. I would come to my room sometimes for a rest, only to find it occupied by

mothers nursing their children, or soothing them to sleep on my bed. Fr. Shea, the translation of an unpronounceable Bohemian name, went up stairs one afternoon to take some rest and found a man stretched on his couch, who muttered, as he sleepily rolled himself over on the other side, "I always take a nap at this time of day."

In this mission there were but six or seven Catholics who failed to take advantage of the graces offered them. We made some converts, but there were few Protestants who attended the exercises.

On the Monday succeeding the mission we went to Yellow Banks, eighteen miles off, and gave there a three days mission, returning to Halletsville on Sunday evening. This was what is called a post-oak country, where the heat is most felt, and I feared that I could not stand it. The result was satisfactory, as but one Catholic stayed away from confession. Friday evening, I lectured in Halletsville, in a small, badly-lighted, over-crowded hall to an audience principally Protestant. The next morning I received a numerously signed petition to give them another address upon my return.

We started for Brushy, eighteen miles off, the thermometer indicating 104 degrees in the shade. The sun was vertical, the roads dusty, or across a hog-wallow prairie; I felt utterly prostrated. At Brushy another log-house for pastoral residence adjoining the church, used occasionally for a school-house. As I leaned weak and worn out against the door jam, noting the gaps in the roof and the wide chinks between the apartments, which they were filling up with old clothes, I confess to have felt some despondency, and I asked Father Forrest if there were yet lower depths to sound. He smiled, the holy, indefatigable missionary, and assured me that this was the worst that I would have to encounter, but, said he, this is civilization, this is luxury to what I found, coming here for the first time at the close of the war.

This mission was the *piéce de resistance.* Here I had been prepared to find an unruly and careless set of cow-

boys, utterly reckless of *meum* and *tuum* where unbranded calves were concerned. It was for this place that I had been entreated to reserve my most moving arguments, and —I fell sick. Only one house was in sight from the church, and yet the next morning the place was alive with wagons and horses, and in all that crowd not a sound of the delicious Irish brogue. I broke down in the morning sermon, and a physician who was present pronounced it impossible for me to recover in time to continue the mission. My brain was burning and I became delirious, but not before I entreated the people to wait one day. The whole prairie around the church was an encampment, and they did wait. All Sunday night, all Monday until three o'clock. Tuesday morning I was out of my mind and the Doctor would not leave me, a courier was on horseback to summon a Father from Seguin, and an old San Jacinto man was sitting up with me, as he said, to see a priest die. "I have seed a many, but never a priest." The dear old fellow, he walked a whole mile — a great feat among these centaurs — to the country store to buy a chamber vessel for the sick priest. There was nothing of that kind there. When I woke from my fever, it was to see four or five men sleeping around me on the bare boards. I thanked God fervently for granting me the favor of working yet a while longer for Him. That afternoon I made the congregation a short address, and then the mission went on as usual, except that the good people would not, out of consideration for me, approach my confessional. I had been told, when complaining now and then of the babies brought to the church at the preceding missions, "wait till you go to Brushy." They were right; I suppose there must have been at least fifty children who were not old enough to talk, but quite old enough to drown a preacher's voice with their screams. I have counted as many as a dozen being nursed at one time on the verandah on which my room opened, or in the adjoining apartment. The year was exceedingly hard on the farmers, for a long drought had parched every thing, and we could find nothing to eat save bacon and corn bread.

On Friday we had literally nothing for dinner but ochra, which I cooked myself for fear they they should spoil it, we could not get even eggs.

If the trials were pretty severe the result surpassed our fondest hopes. Only one man abstained from the sacraments and he had made his Easter. The cow-boys who had not deigned at first to lift their hat to the priest or missionary; who had come to the mission as to a camp meeting, for the fun of the thing, gave in, and their smiles and awkward salutes showed that they had hearts under their rude exterior. On the last Sunday I preached four times. On one of these occasions I had promised that none but mothers with their children should be present. It was intended as a compensation for my strictness in enforcing a law that every crying child should be at once taken out of church. Some rebelled at this, and on two occasions I had great difficulty in carrying my point. Well the blessing of the babies came, and of all the concerts I ever assisted at, it was the most wonderful. At first I got along pretty well, but when one, then three or four, and finally thirty or forty infant voices joined in the chorus I concluded to withdraw. I gave the blessing and made a promise to myself never to do it again.

In the three missions we had altogether about twelve converts and seven hundred and fifty Communions, and I recognized herein the blessing which God communicates in a mission which has been worked up for years by a pious, self-sacrificing priest. They loved and revered their pastor, these simple Texans, and it would be hard to find in America more solid virtue, simple but well grounded faith than on the Catholic missions of Lavaca County.

I return there this August to preach the Jubilee.

F. P. G.

KANSAS.

Letter from Father Ponziglione.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO CO., KANSAS,
July 7th, 1881.

REV. FATHER,
P. C.

Last winter was one of the most severe winters through which I passed during my stay in this western country. In January I started on a visit to the Osages in Indian Territory, but could not proceed farther than one hundred miles on account of the snow and ice which covered the ground. I may thank my Guardian Angel's kind watchfulness that I did not break my neck during this much of the journey. In the valleys and on the hills—everywhere, the ground was covered with ice as smooth as glass. My horse being sharp shod was sure-footed, and never missed a step; but my ambulance? oh if you had only seen it! why it swung from one side to another, like an oscillating pendulum; now it swayed to the right, then veered to the left, and at times drew up uncomfortably near to the edge of a tremendous precipice. After such experiences during the short distance of one hundred miles, I concluded that it was impossible to finish my missionary work among the Osages at the appointed time, and thought it best to return to my mission.

The winter at last was over, and I started again on the sixteenth of May for the Indian Territory. Fresh troubles awaited me, surely, for the raining season had just begun. The rivers were very high, or the creeks were swollen into rivers and the little mountain streams into torrents, so that I found it very hard to cross them. But with God's help I went through every danger uninjured. I directed my course to the north-west corner of the Osage Reservation and found the half-breeds at the usual stations en-

gaged in working their farms, but the full-bloods were scattered all over the country in quest of game. You have no idea what a trouble it is to find these full-bloods when they are scattered in different parts of the country on the hunt; unless a person is acquainted with their habits, he may travel a whole day over the plains without discovering the least trace of them. The smoke, however, is my best indication in quest of the Indians on the plains.

When the Osages go out, either on a big hunt, or on a war path, they march in single file on the same trail. Some three or four hours before the party sets out, scouts are sent ahead. These are generally chosen from the young men well acquainted with the roads and sharp on the trail. As they go along, fire is put to the grass on their route. On a calm day the smoke resembles a pillar rising to the sky. At night, of course, the smoke cannot be used as a signal, or guide; the fire then takes its place. This smoke by day or fire by night is always kept in view by the Indians following, who may form a line two or three miles in extent.

On this trip I observed the smoke at a great distance, drew near to it and found that I had come upon the camp of a full-blood Osage family. Here I found a poor squaw, who hearing of my visit to her nation at a certain station, had traveled twenty-five miles with three of her little children in order that they might be baptized. It seems that after high hoping the poor woman was disappointed, for she did not meet me at the place where she expected to see me, and was obliged to return in sorrow to her wigwam. God was soon to reward her piety, for I, unaware of her whereabouts, by accident came to her camp. Think of her joy, when she saw me baptize her little darlings! After I had baptized the little children she requested me to bless for her a few cedar branches. This I did and hastened my course to the Agency which was not far off, to get under shelter from an impending storm; I did not like the idea of getting an unnecessary drenching.

The Osages, and generally all the blanket Indians, do not care about living in houses, but prefer to live in the

open air. A shower, no matter how heavy, does not trouble them; on the contrary, in summer, they seem to enjoy it. When the shower is over, they shake themselves like the birds, and in a short time are perfectly dry, because their clothing is scanty. Some people imagine that because the Indians roam in comparative nakedness, immorality must be great amongst them. This is far from being the case. On the contrary, we find less immorality amongst them than amongst the whites. I grant that in their midst you may find some wicked men, ready for indecency and other crimes; yet not in greater proportion than among civilized people. As a class they are very moral and full of self-respect, so that we but seldom meet with anything improper. A missionary can pray, meditate and read his breviary in an Indian camp with less distractions than in the families of our civilized friends.

Speaking of the breviary puts me in mind of a queer incident. I had just finished the reading of my Office, one day, and was about to put away my book, when an Osage, Whaconta-chi, or, in other words, Medicine-man of the tribe, asked me very pleasantly whether that book was my Bible. "Why," I asked, "do you put me such a question? What do you know about the Bible?" "I too have a Bible as well as you," he replied. Hearing this, I requested him to show me his Bible. He willingly consented to show me the Holy Book, and for that purpose invited me into his tent. Here he seated me on a large buffalo skin spread upon the ground, and having picked up three bundles of sticks, very much resembling reed pipe-stems, handed them to me, saying: "This is my Bible." I took the bundles in my hand, turned them over and over, and returned them to him, saying: "My friend, I am at a loss to know where to begin to read this Bible of yours; how do you read it?" The good-humored fellow smiled and said: "I do not know." Then I asked again: "But why do you call it your Bible?" "Well," he said, "that is the name all the Medicine-men give to these three bundles."

Perhaps this Bible is a puzzle to you as it was at first to

me. I will try to give you a few items on the subject, which may lead you to think that the Medicine-man was not altogether wrong in calling the three bundles his Bible.

Among the different religious ceremonies of the Osages, the veneration of these three bundles holds a prominent place. The Medicine-men cannot tell you their real significance, but generally agree in saying that they received them from their forefathers as heirlooms of most distant generations, and that their fathers always held them in the greatest reverence, and guarded them as a sacred trust. The value they attach to the worship of these bundles depends in a great measure upon the number of sticks contained in them, and upon the order in which they are taken from one bundle and placed in another. These three bundles contain different numbers of sticks. The first has seventy- seven, the second, sixty, and the last, thirty. Regarding the meaning of this Bible, some will tell you that each stick represents some different age of the world: others, again, that it recalls some remarkable event in the world's history. A third party will reject both interpretations and tell you that each stick on its appearance called forth from the Indians certain prayers or sacred lines which they were obliged to recite at the beginning of every expedition. This seems to me to be the best explanation, and to coincide more exactly with the proceedings while on the march. For, if the number of these sticks be computed, it will be found to tally pretty nearly with that of the psalms. There are more sticks than psalms, it is true; but an obvious reason may account for this. It is only natural that in the course of centuries, some additions were made, prompted by the religious feelings of the people.

The practices of the Osages at this very day seem to confirm the supposition that this Indian Bible is but a record of the psalms, or of the old psalter.

When the Osages start on their regular hunts, or on a war path, some honored Medicine-man dressed in the full insignia of his office, takes his position at the head of the party, and selecting a stick from one of the bundles which

he carries on his back, begins a song, or rather gives them a note, which they hold and repeat for some time. After a while he puts the stick into a small bag and picks out another, which is the signal for the beginning of another melody either in a higher or lower tone than the preceding one. The chant continues in this way until the end of the journey. When the whole band sings in full chorus, you are immediately reminded of a choir of monks singing their matins or vespers. Now it is most probable that in ancient times these aborigines knew the psalms by heart; but as they had no written books in which to record their customs and transactions, naturally the wording of the psalms slipped from their memories and left them but the various intonations of each.

The Osages are very conservative in whatever concerns their religious practices; so much so, that, though willing to part with almost every custom, they cling with devotion to this primitive and so-called Bible. Should it be lost, every effort is made to recover it, no matter what may be the trouble and expense. Only a priviliged few among the Medicine-men are allowed the use of these bundles. They are generally the favorites and admired of the tribe.

While the Osages live in their aboriginal state as blanket Indians, they will never relinquish their superstitious rites and adopt Christian habits. They must consequently be first civilized and then christianized. The Indians themselves imagine that the Christian religion is only for the civilized, and as they are not a civilized people and do not follow the customs of the whites they cannot be Christians. "While we are Indians," they say, "we must follow the Medicine-man"

On the expedition I passed through the country of the Kansas, or as they were formerly called, the Kaw Indians. The Kaws are kin to the Osages, and rightly speaking are but a branch of the same nation. The language which they speak is materially the same as that of the Osages, though there is a slight difference in accent. They claim a more ancient pedigree than the Osages whom they call

younger brothers; but the Osage will tell you that the Kaws are but a people coming after them, and much below them in physical and intellectual greatness.

This question of the priority of family or tribe, will probably never be decided. Society however will not suffer.

The full-bloods of this tribe follow the same religious ceremonies as the Osages. The half-breeds profess to be Roman Catholics, that is to say, they have been baptized in the Church, but know nothing about her doctrines, owing to the want of Catholic instructors. They have frequently petitioned the United States government for Catholic priests, but have not succeeded in obtaining their request.

As to their intellectual powers there is little difference between the two tribes; though it must be confessed that in certain cases the Kaws have succeeded in outwitting their Osage brethren. The former are noted horse thieves and will spirit away a horse, whenever a good chance offers. The Osages dread the Kaws on this account, and accuse them of the theft of their missing horses. To give you an idea of the smartness shown by these horse thieves in their profession I will mention a case that happened some time ago.

Near our mission, lived an old Indian, Nassour by name; he was a good Christian and a very sociable man. At the time of the annual payment, several neighboring tribes came to visit the Osages, and according to their custom "to smoke horses," that is to say, barter horses. About twenty Kaws came with the visitors. Although this party was a friendly one, the bad name of their brethren, caused all to be on the watch for their horses—lest some of the Kaws might yield to temptation.

Old Nassour especially, kept his eyes open; he had but one horse, and him, he intended to guard closely. Well, night set in; and the old Indian tethered his horse to a tree with this precaution however; that he tied a bell to the horses neck, in order that the jingling sound during the night, might assure him of the animal's presence. With this precaution taken, he settled down to sleep. Every

motion of the horse caused a ringing of the bell, and the old man hearing it would say: "Good! my horse is here yet." Then turning over he would fall asleep again. The wily old Indian was indeed smart, but he had a still sharper person to deal with in the shape of a young Kaw. This fellow made up his mind to steal the horse. Accordingly, he crept stealthily to the tree, approached the horse gently, took the bell from his neck, and tied it to a branch of the tree; then mounting old Nassour's treasure, sped away. The night was dark and stormy, and the wind very high at intervals; so that the bell kept ringing and swinging the whole night, and Nassour kept imagining that his horse was safe in his possession. Imagine his surprise at day-break, in finding his animal gone, and in seeing the bell swinging in the branches of the tree.

Now you ask: "Do these Indians see any harm in stealing?" Yes they do, that is, among themselves. They very seldom steal from each other, though they have many a chance; for the wigwams and lodges are always open. But like the Jews of old, they see no harm in appropriating the property of their enemies. Now, the white man is their enemy; consequently the Indian takes his property with an easy conscience and considers himself in good luck when he succeeds in so doing.

This is one of the great obstacles to success in christianizing them. But these very notions are eradicated easily and the bad habit broken, under the direction of Catholic missionaries, who have the sound doctrine to give them, and will treat them disinterestedly and fairly.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

OBITUARY.

Father James M. Converse.

Rev. James M. Converse died at the St. Louis University on Tuesday, April 26th, 1881, at eight o'clock P. M., after devoutly receiving all the rites of the Church. He suffered much during the last four or five days of his illness, but he bore his pains with great patience, and with complete resignation to the will of God.

His disease was enlargement of the heart, which first manifested dangerous symptoms about one year ago. With the advice of his physicians, he visited the scenes of his childhood in the State of Vermont, where he spent the month of July and a part of August, 1880; but finding there no relief from this insidious and unconquerable malady, he returned to St. Louis, where the disease gradually gained on his vigorous constitution, till it resulted in the dropsy which finally carried him off. The faculties of his mind retained their characteristic clearness and accuracy to the last struggle with death, in which life passed away.

Rev. James M. Converse was born near Randolph, in the State of Vermont, on July 30th, 1814, and he was a descendant of the Puritan first settlers of New England. When he reached his majority, in 1835, he went to Cleveland, Ohio, where he engaged in business with his brother. His avocations carried him to the copper mines in the vicinity of Lake Superior, where his interests detained him for some while; but he subsequently returned to Cleveland and studied law. He followed the profession of law thenceforth till the year 1845. Religion occupied a considerable share in his thoughts wherever he was, and in whatever employments he was engaged. After abandoning the denomination of religion in which he had been reared, he drifted from one church to another during several years, studying successively all the confessions of faith on which

he could lay his hands, his changing opinions causing him to join quite a number of sects, but not remaining long in membership with any one. As there were certain fundamental questions to which he could find no satisfactory answer in any of the churches to which he had attached himself, he became unsettled in mind and despondent; he began to think seriously of dismissing the subject of religion from his thoughts altogether. He was in this state of mind when, on Easter Sunday, 1842, he was casually passing the door of the Catholic Church in Cleveland during divine service. He never had, up to that time, thought it worthy of his attention to examine the claims of the Catholic Church on rational belief, because its falsity was, throughout his life, a foregone conclusion for his mind. Out of mere curiosity he entered the Church door, and, as it happened, the priest, Rev. Peter McLaughlin, was just beginning his sermon, and the subject announced was precisely one that had long perplexed his own thoughts. The sermon shed a new light upon his mind, and opened new trains of thought, making so great an impression on him that he determined to see the priest when service was over, and have a conversation with him. The reverend gentleman received him kindly, and their talk on questions of religion, which began at the dinner table, was actually prolonged throughout the evening and entire succeeding night. After some repose next day, Mr. Converse asked Father McLaughlin, as the man from Ethiopia riding on a chariot with the Apostle Philip beside him "preaching unto him Jesus," asked, when he was made to understand the truth: "See, here is water; what doth hinder me from being baptized?" Mr. Converse was, in compliance with his own earnest desire, baptized on that same day, which was Easter Monday, 1842.

Father Converse, with the approval of his spiritual adviser, the Rev. Peter McLaughlin, resolved to become a Jesuit, and accordingly he entered the St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, near Florissant, Mo., February 4th, 1845, and he remained a member of the Jesuit society till his death. Dur-

ing the first years, after his probation as a novice was completed, he was employed as a teacher at the St. Louis University; he was afterwards successively at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, Ky., at St. Xavier College, Cincinnati, in Chicago on parochial and missionary duties, in Leavenworth, Kansas, in St. Louis and at St. Stanislaus Seminary, in all of which places he filled important positions with great efficiency. After the death of Father De Smet, which took place May 23, 1873, Father Converse was appointed to succeed him as procurator, or econome of the Province, occupying this office till his death. It devolved on him, as procurator of the province, to manage the temporal affairs, and the finances of the Missouri Province, to which employments he united parochial duties in the congregation of St. Francis Xavier's church. His zeal for the spiritual welfare of the people, and his remarkable ability for business, gained for him a large number of friends and admirers, who testified, to the last, their high esteem for his many excellent qualities, among which his charity and kindness were pre-eminent. Many are the persons who will remember works of disinterested goodness which he did for them in their hour of need.

Father Converse had an intellect that was penetrating and searching, at the same time that its range was broad and comprehensive. In matters of business, and in all the practical affairs of life, he was remarkable for the correctness and prudence of his judgments. His entire conduct was regulated by principle maturely considered before action was decided on. He followed his convictions of what was duty for him, with unswerving firmness of purpose; after canvassing minutely all the reasons for action, and reaching a decision as to what was right, no difficulties could discourage him, and no opposition save that which comes from evident principle could divert him from his undertaking. The sickness which carried him off, as said, was enlargement of the heart, finally resulting in dropsy. His strong, iron will resisted the destroyer, so as, aided by the skill of his physicians, to prolong his life far beyond the

measure which such ailment ordinarly allows to the most vigorous constitutions on which it seizes. He knew for months beforehand that his enemy must conquer at last, and as the end approached, he went about the preparation for death as a matter of business, but as the most important business of his life. He never manifested a sign of fear, uneasiness or unwillingness to meet death, often remarking that death could cause him no dismay, talking freely and cheerfully of his approaching dissolution, with its final struggles. Father Converse was of a manly and sterling character, which peculiarly fitted him for great and arduous tasks, and such he performed whenever the occasion for them required him.

The strict adherence to principle for which he was distinguished exhibited itself in his religious conduct, in his practice of piety, always solid and masculine, *obsequium rationabile*, and especially did it manifest itself in all he did to dispose himself to appear before God in judgment. All had to be done according to rule and system; but that rule, and that system, were adhered to by him with the thoroughness and exactness which characterized all the performances of his life. Father Converse possessed extraordinarily good qualities both of head and heart, which shone more brilliantly in the last long trial of his life, his death, which was that of a good man, who had filled the measure of a useful and meritorious life of sixty-seven years.

His remains were buried on Thursday, April 28th, 1881, at St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, near Florissant, on a little mound in the garden, where repose those of Fathers Van Quickenborne, De Smet, Van Assche, Verhaegen, etc. R. I. P.

WALTER H. HILL, S. J.

Brother Daniel Mason.

Died at Woodstock, at 2 o'clock, on Good Friday morning, Brother Daniel Mason.

The name of this good Brother will recall to the minds of Woodstock's first inhabitants recollections of those early days when all that was beautiful at Woodstock was confined within the walls of its domestic chapel. There were then no winding walks, nor flowers breathing sweet perfume, nor conservatories to protect against the chilling blasts those plants that were to charm the eye and cheer the heart, when spring should call them forth. Nor were there then any spreading lawns nor shaded boulevard, nor ingeniously contrived summer-houses in which to pass in pleasant groups the recreation hours. To the chapel, then, in those early days, we escorted our visiting guest, feeling that here, at least, we could point with pride to what was then our solitary boast. Here too in those early days of Woodstock, when the pelting rains, and the roads ankle deep with mire, kept the Woodstock student a prisoner within its walls, the heart was less heavy and the days less sad, as we held converse with God within this our sanctuary. But who amongst us will fail to acknowledge, that, if with pride we escorted our guest, or if with sacred joy we knelt and prayed within these hallowed walls, much that was there to inspire our pride, or excite our feelings of sacred joy, was due to the devoted zeal and excellent taste of him who was our Sacristan! Or who can fail to see in all those plans and devices, by which he contrived so well to enhance the dignity of the Church's festivals, Br. Mason knew Whom it was he served and loved Him well!

No wonder he could always smile, no wonder he could always toil and never pause to rest those limbs that for thirty years knew keenest suffering. No wonder, when his days were full, and God, satisfied with his faithful service, called him to appear before Him, no wonder that in this

summons he joyed as only the elect can joy. Suffering intensely, but so sweetly smiling, that we forgot the while that nature had not fashioned in attractive mould a face that grace now lit up with ineffable charm.

Thus Br. Mason suffered, thus he smiled, and suffering and smiling he calmly, peacefully, joyfully passed away — complaining only of this, that the doctor seemed desirous of prolonging his life. Those who witnessed his last moments, seeing his lips constantly moving in prayer, and his eyes raised on high, could not fail to perceive that his heart was where the orders of Superiors and his daily duties had long kept him—near, very near, to God.

Thus passed away Brother Mason, just one week after another of Woodstock's faithful Brothers, Michael Keenan, had been called to his reward. Alike in their fidelity, alike in their simplicity, their deaths were not dissimilar. God grant that all who die at Woodstock may display the same evident, most abundant signs of predilection!

Mr. James O'Connell.

On the 8th of July was laid to rest in the quiet churchyard of Old St. Inigoes, St. Mary's County, Md., Mr. James O'Connell, a scholastic of the Missouri Province. He was drowned, while bathing in the St. Mary's river near a place called Gunboat Springs, on the morning of the 5th. During the three days occupied in searching for his body, so great a gloom was cast upon us all that few will soon forget the vacations of 1881. When the remains had been recovered and placed in sacred ground, so many and consoling were the circumstances connected with the death of our Brother, that a feeling of relief and joy succeeded our mourning.

As we arrived at St. Inigoes too late on the morning of the 2nd to go to Holy Communion, we received general permission to approach the Holy Table on the very day of the accident. Of this privilege Mr. O'Connell and

his excursion party availed themselves. Fr. Klein, who was providentially of the number, gave him the Last Absolution. It is not the purpose of this present notice to enter into details of the event. They are already well known. In Mr. O'Connell, his Province lost a faithful and edifying religious and laborer of much promise. He was in his twenty-sixth year, and had been eight years in the Society. His virtues and amiable qualities endeared him to all, whilst his talents and energy pointed him out as destined to a career of usefulness.

During his brief life he had accomplished much good in a quiet and hidden manner. There was neither glitter, nor show in what he did. Exceedingly charitable to all his brethren, he was especially so to the sick. A Sister of Charity could not have treated them with greater delicacy and tact.

His leading characteristics were great love of the right and perfect, and independence of mind in following out what he considered to be his duty, regardless of consequences and comments. He aimed at perfection in whatever he undertook and nothing less could satisfy him. Hence, his great ardor for study and for all that could tend to aid him to become such a Jesuit as our Institute asks for. His ideal Jesuit was a very lofty conception and often was he heard to bewail his inability to attain it, though striving manfully. As a child, he grew up under the shadow of the Altar and was known as one of the most devoted and punctual Acolytes of the Holy Family parish in Chicago, his native city. Here it was that he first exhibited a very great devotion to the Sacred Heart and to our Lady's Immaculate Conception. This trait marked his whole life. One of the first students to have his name inscribed on the catalogue of St. Ignatius' College, he was also one of the first Prefects of our Lady's Sodality. He used his popularity with his fellow students to form a Guard of Honor for prayer before the tabernacle during hours of recreation. This practice became quite general. It was not unusual to see boys leaving the excitement of a game of Base Ball to

spend their allotted time in the Chapel. To this pious custom introduced by him many attribute their vocation to the priesthood and to a religious life. He remained but three years at College, entering the Society after the class of Poetry.

During his three years at Florissant this devotion to the Sacred Heart did not abate. When he entered our Colleges to teach, he found a fitting outlet for his zeal. I have before me a list of boys, whom he had caused to enter the Association of the Sacred Heart. Many of them and their relatives promised to make frequent Communions of Reparation.

During his life as a teacher it was remarked that his class was always foremost in decorating their little classroom shrine of our Lady during the month of May.

The charming simplicity of his manners won him the love and respect of all, with whom he came in contact. Of strangers, with whom he had merely a chance conversation, he made fast friends. Thus, when coming to Woodstock, he fell in with a young officer of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, who ever afterwards regularly corresponded with him. The conversion of this gentleman was his great desire.

All his brethren tell of his deeds of kindness, his considerate charity, and great exactness in the performance of duty, and many an eye was dimmed as the cold earth fell over the mortal remains of one, so full of life and promise, torn from our midst in so sudden and sad a manner.

Few went to St. Inigoes with greater hopes of enjoyment. He was anxious to make the most of the week he was to spend with us in regaining his strength, before going to Georgetown for a special course of Chemistry, to follow which he had volunteered to make the sacrifice of the greatest part of his vacations, that he might thus fit himself better for the work of our Society in Colleges.

His death brought out most strikingly the deep fraternal charity of the Society. The name of him who exposed his own life, to save his brother's, and of those who toiled

under the rays of a hot sun for three days in the attempt to recover his remains, as well as of those, who so beautifully arranged his grave, will not soon depart from our memory.

"A true child of the Company of Jesus, he glorified God, and edified his neighbor."

D. O. M.

OUR COLLEGES IN THE UNITED STATES FOR 1880-81.

Place	Name	Province	Stud's	Grad. A. B.
Baltimore, Md.	Loyola College *	Md. N. Y.	104	.....
Boston, Mass.	Boston College *	Md. N. Y.	230	15
Buffalo, N. Y.	Canisius College	Germany	.....	.....
Chicago, Ill.	St. Ignatius College *	Missouri	203	2
Cincinnati, O.	St. Xavier College *	"	229	5
Detroit, Mich.	Detroit College *	"	132	.....
Fordham, N. Y.	St John's College	Md. N. Y.	207	6
Georgetown, D. C.	Georgetown College	"	184	8
Grand Coteau, La.	St. Charles College	N. O. Miss	49	.....
Jersey City, N. J.	St. Peter's College *	Md. N. Y.	146	.....
Las Vegas, N. M.	Las Vegas College	Naples	219	.....
New York, N. Y.	St Francis Xav. College *	Md. N. Y.	503	20
New Orleans, La.	Imm. Conception Coll.*	N. O. Miss	301	4
Santa Clara, Cal.	Santa Clara College	Turin	194	.....
San Francisco, Cal.	St. Ignatius College *	"	713	6
St. Louis, Mo.	St. Louis University	Missouri	342	7
St. Mary's, Kansas	St. Mary's College	"	183	.....
Spring Hill, Ala.	St. Joseph's College	N. O. Miss	126	2
Washington, D. C.	Gonzaga College *	Md. N. Y.	123	.....
Worcester, Mass.	College of the Holy Cross	"	142	20

* Day College.

CONTENTS OF VOL. X.

Page

PAPERS RELATING TO THE EARLY HISTORY OF THE MARYLAND MISSION:—

III. The Penal Laws..... 3

IV. The Suppression and Restoration of the Society..... 89

V. The Annual Letters.....209

The First Church Built in California—A Sketch of the Life and Labors of Father Salvatierra..... 28

BRAZIL:—

The Religious Question in the Empire..... 42

The College of Itu.....171

Letters of Father James O. Van de Velde.....53, 121

Dispersion of the College of Laval..... 65

Loyola College..... 68

New Church at Harrisonville..... 69

Nez Percés Indians.....71, 198

Missionary Labors.....85, 179, 260

Kansas—Osage Mission.....133, 286

Indian Missions.....137

San Xavier del Bac, Arizona.....157

Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan 204

Across the Continent—Letter I.....225

Fifty Years Ago—Some Letters of Fr. F. Grivel.....244

New Mexico.....274

Texas.....286

OBITUARY:—

Fr. James M. Converse.....293

Br. Daniel Mason.....297

Mr. James O'Connell.....298

Our Colleges.....302